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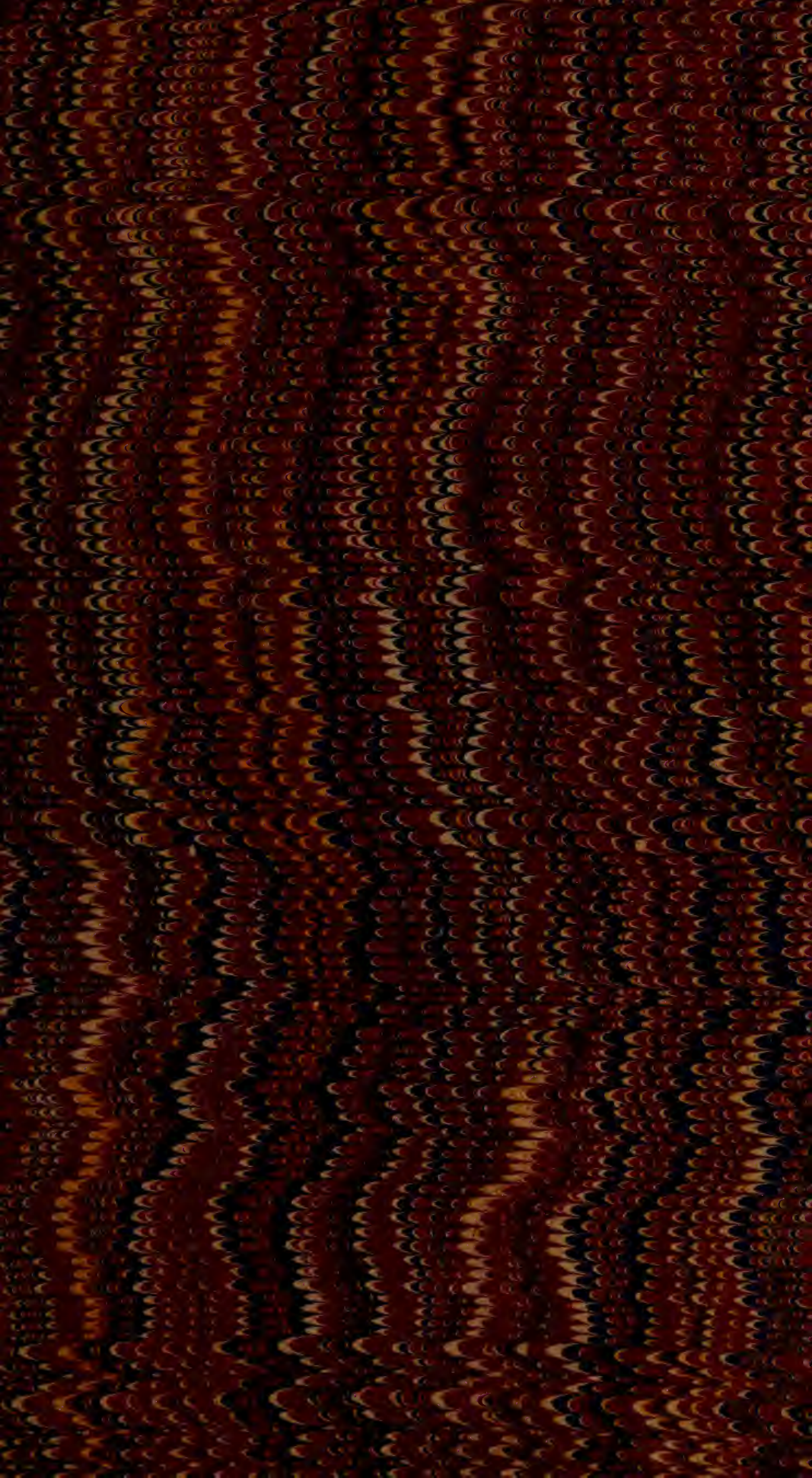

THE

COSMOPOLITAN:

AN OCCASIONAL.

No. 1.

"For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way as will entice any man to enter into it: nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well-enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste."

CHARLESTON.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WM. ESTILL,
212 King-Street.

1833.

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TO

THOMAS SMITH GRIMKÉ ESQ.

To one who, amidst the daily calls of a severe and arduous profession, still, with no less ability than enthusiasm, asserts the value and charms of science and letters, this little *melange* is most respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHORS.

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LE DEBUT.

"What though the Snail be slow, is he not a traveller?—though he span not a square yard in the day, he has seen the world; for the world adapts itself to the compass of the creature."

THERE is something, to most persons, excessively awkward in an introduction of any kind, and the preface to a book is a matter of scarcely less difficulty, and certainly of not less importance, than an entry into the circle of court and company. Society, not unfrequently, determines upon the pretensions of the new comer by his manner of approach; and the reader, though generally apt to look upon a preface as a most tedious and almost unnecessary performance, nevertheless, takes it largely into the account, when making up his estimate of the work which follows. With the fine gentleman and author, alike, it is matter of paramount importance that they make their bow with a due reference to the probable effect which it may have, in ensuring them a favorable reception.

The difficulty is somewhat increased in the present case, by the fact, that this little *melange* does not properly come from the hands of authors by profession. The writers—and there are more than one of them—

are not such with any view to emolument or distinction. They will be perfectly content, if, in the pecuniary results which follow their undertaking, their publisher is not dissatisfied ; and so indifferent are they to the " columns " that, even that worthy personage has been prudently left in the dark, as to the *who* and *what*, they respectively and properly are. They will not complain, if the reader looks gently and approvingly on their labours, though the sterner critic deny them all the honors and all the laurels of the periodical press.

It is perhaps essential to our full or even partial success, that a more frank spirit should preside over our intercourse with the public. The manly and the gentle—the generous and the fair—to whom, alone, our humble pages are addressed, deserve better treatment at our hands, and a more unhesitating confidence. To them, we may lay ourselves open; and, though we still keep something in reserve, which, in the language of Burns, " we never tell to ony"—we may not with propriety, hug ourselves up in the folds of a selfish secrecy, tantalizing the curiosity, which, by the way—our humility has already suggested—we may not so readily provoke. This would be a mortifying consideration were we vainly solicitous of the popular applause—it will be mortifying, indeed, however humble our ambition, since the very act of writing and publishing, proves a desire for its acquaintance and regard, which shows our high respect for, and large dependence upon, its general opinion.

There are three of us, and our college is limited to this number; not because of any consciousness of our own equality to the self-imposed labours of our project, but because we perfectly understand, and have a full confidence in, one another. Much travel and travail, on the highways, the byways, and all the stages of life, in company, has developed all our several peculiarities, while it has prepared each of us, not merely to recognize, but to provide for them. We can neither of us complain of having been deceived by our fellows, since our own experience would then be set at nought, and the acknowledgement would be, to our pride, of the most mortifying description. We disagree enough in our general estimate of things to make discussion *piquant* and inviting. Our tastes and tempers are sufficiently discursive and contradictory, to afford us variety in the choice of our comforts and pleasures; and it will not therefore surprise the reader, if, thus constituted, we have resolved ourselves into a community *isole*, not actually excluding the world around us, but, in most respects, absolutely independent of its care or consideration.

Having thus premised, it may scarcely be held necessary to say that we have few if any incumbrances. We have neither wives nor children to provide for; and one, and, perhaps, the only, evil, arising from our mutual regard for each other, is the want of other friendships to triumph in our successes, and to condole with us under our defeats. We are thus free, however, from the unnecessary sympathies of those,

whose language is always free and fluent when it is devoted to regrets; and we hear not the clamours of that spirit, which having a right to call for, has not readily won, our consolations. There is, we grant, something of selfishness in such characteristics; and the reader, if a fair lady, may set us down with that rude and rank assemblage, whose name is *legion*—and whom we would not otherwise name—and whose isolated condition, if not always ungrateful, is, at least, not always self-imposed. The life of a bachelor, we are free to confess, is not exactly that which a wise man should readily adopt; and, in our own defence, we might suggest that fate rather than free will, had made us what she finds us; but, that, such an admission, might only do us the worse service of subtracting, in her eyes, something from the pretension of the humble volume, for which we have dared ask her attentive consideration.

Sometimes—further to win the regards of the fair,—there have been one or more of us to whom the little junto of our community has proved terribly irksome; and in one instance the *triune* college has been greatly perilled, in the weakness of one of our body, who, to this day, has never entirely lost sight of certain eyes, which were of the most attractive blue, lips like twin roses, lined with pearl, and a cheek, whose delicate carnation, might, we are sad to say, have worked quite as much injury to an old Saint, in the odour and freshness of recent sanctity, as to a young bachelor, in the first or second year of his noviciate.

The event, here referred to, has kept us sensibly alive to the doubtful tenure by which our common existence is maintained; and we look forward to the time, when in a moment of most unhappy and ill advised delirium, there shall occur a blank in our history, and a vacant fauteuil in our sanctum, shall attest the influence of some one of that fatal sex, to whom the proverb has more than once ascribed the overthrow of empires, and the relaxed vigour and delayed enterprises of the most generous and elevated ambition.

In the mean time, however, we pass our days in that even condition of calm, which, if denied to the more subtle enjoyments, is, at least, free from the storms and lightnings of human passion. If our hearts are never inflamed with love, they are, we may gladly and honestly assert, equally secure from the chilling prostrations of despair. We pass the hours, merrily, as fortune's fools, if not her favourites; and though we sometimes yawn listlessly in the quiet shade of the sanctum, we seldom envy the extacies of the thousand 'motes that people the sunbeams.' Still, however, we are far from denying ourselves the charms, such as they are, which society affords us. Our rule is not to value them too highly—not to place ourselves in their power, and at their mercy. Secure in the perpetual presence of this dictum of our College, we flit with the butterflies through the crowded assembly; sometimes musing and moralizing upon, and not always denying ourselves, the pleasure of its sweets. We have an ear for the music, an eye for the beauty,

and a spirit for the animation and glow of the courtly sphere into which we are now and then permitted to penetrate; and though, as yet, we have never ventured to bear away any of its roses, our memories serve as a choice vase in which to garner up their several odours, when they themselves shall have forever faded from the contemplation of our senses.

Our chief amusement and employ,—and to this species of exercise we may say in this place, our reader is now indebted for the work in his hands—consists in the occasional contribution, of sketch or story, to the records, in which we minute down our diurnal history. They appear confusedly, and are taken down by our secretary along with innumerable memoranda; such as may be readily supposed to belong to the account book of a set of bachelors. In one place, appears a note of the weather, and the depression or the elevation of the thermometer—directly beneath it, borrowed from the Sporting Magazine or Southern Agriculturalist, is duly treasured up, a prime *recipe* for curing the Botts in Horses, or a new mode of cultivating pease or potatoes. The younger of our fraternity, has, probably, in close juxtaposition with these matters, penned an embryo sonnet on love, considered as an abstraction, and as one of those unhappy maladies, which, some few centuries back, contributed to vex the people of Europe and other barbarous sections of the globe. Then come our occasional contributions of tale and trifle, in odd connection with the daily expenditure of the household, in the noting down of

which we are singularly exact and particular. It is from the mass, thus heterogeneously constituted—grown, as it has, to a mountain—that the contents of our Cosmopolitan shall principally be taken. If, therefore, we may not be able to promise the reader much that is new in combination or invention, we may safely pledge ourselves for the production of a *various* volume. Things will appear in our pages oddly contrasted; for as we write, one of our trio is pensively and unconciously humming an old stanza of Suckling, another preparing his fishing tackle for the ensuing day while the third seems busily employed in turning over a huge volume of the most antique and druidical black-letter. Our several amusements, equally various at all times with our present occupations, will no doubt serve still to keep up and continue this diversity; and, if we have any apprehensions at all, in reference to our present experiment, that of a monotonous repetition of the sentiments and opinions of one another, has but little share in their existence.

Our dwelling it is scarcely necessary that we should dwell upon. Its arrangements, and our general domestic economy, call for as little reference. It is sufficient to know that a close analysis of our several habits and desires led to its selection; and, in our choice, we have been in no respect unhappy. It stands prettily upon the Ashley—a broad and sweet stream, not yet sufficiently, though, we believe, sometimes, sung. A pleasant esplanade fills up the space between our walls and its blue waters, while the situa-

tion is secluded sufficiently from the busy hum of the popular employ, to give it that kind of quiet which the dreamiest romancer would desire. We have few servants, and, of consequence, few disquietudes from this infinite source of disquiet. An old servant cooks, and a young one mends and washes for us; and an occasional scold, like the winding up of the clock, keeps them going duly for the next twenty-four hours at least.

With a doubt—highly becoming in modest men, as we certainly are,—whether we shall be able or not to win the favor of that goodly, though not always gracious,reader, to whom we address ourselves, it will depend purely upon himself whether we again trouble him with a visitation. We make no pledges of re-appearance—we are bound to no conditions, and shall only "soothe, as humour prompts, our idle vein." Should our publisher crave the continuation of the "Cosmopolitan," we shall take it for granted that he knows something about his own business, and at once infer that the reader entertains a similar desire. In this event, should the materiel upon our hands have sufficiently accumulated to warrant a re-appearance, we shall not indecorously and selfishly withhold our lucubrations. Indeed, though not over-well assured that laborers, so humble as we confessedly are, can contribute much to the amusement or instruction of that multifarious and most monstrously contrarient creation, the popular mind—yet, as the pioneer for other and more experienced adventurers, we may do

some little towards the exercise of that spirit of intelligence, which, for so long a time, has been manifesting a righteous discontent at its own supine apathies. From this spirit of intelligence—vexed at its own unperforming endeavours—there is great hope of future performance. Nor, do we estimate incorrectly, the magnitude of its existence. Looking about us, with a due reference to the mental employments of our people, who have done little only because of the unhappy direction of their labours, we may employ the language of Milton: "Behold now this vast city; a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection;—the shop of war hath not there more hammers and anvils waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleagured truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and fealty, the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reading and convincement. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages and worthies?"—"Where there is much desire to learn, there, of necessity, will be much argu-

ing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making."

We have not hesitated for an instant in making the above quotation, and in applying it to the community in which we live. We may safely and confidently affirm that such is their condition, though, perhaps, their knowledge, now "in the making," has not yet gone much beyond unsettled and diversified opinion. Should it be suffered to rest here? Should the talents of our country—our city—only find an outlet and direction in the turbulent and temporary notoriety of a partisan harangue, or a political and vexing controversy? Should it not be given a higher employ, and be won to those finer exercises of the mind, for the due preservation of which, the column rises in the desert, and the gorgeous and time-defying temple soars gloriously from the plain, around which the city gathers in due season, and to which the world comes, as to a place holy by universal consent? That our people are rich in all those qualities of mind and ambition, which constitute individual as well as national greatness, it will be no extravagance to assert. South Carolina is literally overflowing with talent. It is because of its excess and want of legitimate exercise, that its fields have been neglected for the forum, and all its people have been driven, for the last few years, by the collision of restless intellects, into the wars of fierce and powerful disputation which have racked and wrung, not her alone, but our common

country. And, in the language of the same great man from whom our former quotation has been made, "should we suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up, and yet springing daily in this city?" The answer is at hand: the duty and difficulty, alike, is in giving it the direction which would make it available and worthy. Let care be taken in this respect, and to that sweet land, now in affliction, rent with her own struggles, and, probably, her own errors, there shall come a glorious resurrection—an advent of peace and grateful prosperity. We shall see this 'crop' bringing forth fruits the most generous and golden; and each one of us shall be well justified by the results, in exclaiming with Milton, in his vision of true liberty, so eloquently written, in the same admirable paper from which we have already drawn largely—"Methinks, I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks, I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight, at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

A CHAT IN THE SYMPOSIUM.

The sun had made his final set, upon a quiet and bland evening in June,—and the members of our little fraternity, were gathered around the table from which our supper had been but just removed. A few books of a light and lively character had taken the place of cups and saucers; and a silence, broken, at remote intervals, only by an occasional remark from one or the other of us, had fairly assumed dominion in our secluded symposium. A wandering glance upward from the pages of the book, over which he rambled rather than read, indicated the erring thought of one, the oldest of our college, who, at length, as if assured that our attention had been no less excursive than his own, introduced the materials of conversation, and thus put an end to the half suppressed yawn, and the listless and drowsy mood that was rapidly coming over us all.

G.—"These works," said he, referring to a series, which, of late days, had become excessively popular, "are well entitled to the name they bear. The title is felicitously chosen, and, at some future period, the 'Romance of History' will become the

generic for a body of volumes, as comprehensive in attraction and number, as all other species of writing put together.

B.—You are reading the collection of English story, by Neele?

G.—Yes—the first, and without exception the very best of the series. Neele was not a man of power—he wrote with far less energy than hundreds of those who have followed in the path which he, in great part, designated; but he wrote with far more skill and adroitness than any of them. His management of a story is very fine. The parts fit admirably, and there is a concert, if I may so speak, between the characters, each to do his best, to bring about the dedonouement handsomely. I know not any better mode of summing up Neele's excellencies as a writer, than to say, he tells his stories with all the grace and dignity of an accomplished gentleman in an evening coterie, made up of the intelligent, the gentle and the beautiful. There is nothing gross in his design. He does not aim at strength, and therefore does not fall into coarseness, whether of phrase or fancy. His style is neat, inartificial and unpretending—an amiable and smiling spirit appears to have looked over his shoulder as he wrote, rebuking all ruffianism and extravagance; and prompting, by her sympathies, the utterance only of thoughts which were pure and proper, and fancies, which, while they were always free, were always delicate.

M.—This is certainly the character of his writings, and, it is to be regretted that the melancholy madness of his last days, should have left it to less worthy, and, for such a labour, less admirably constituted minds, to continue the scheme, so happily begun. The tales, now, for example, which I have in hand, devoted to Spanish History, by Don Somebody, though embodying the most delightful materiel, and of most abundant fertility, are poorly put together, and as poorly written. The style is clumsy and awkward; and, coming after Neele, is actually fatiguing in the perusal.

B.—The same may be said, in great part, of both the other collections—devoted to French and Italian History. The authors of these two latter have the ability to do better; and can, if they please to make the effort, put their fables into more compact and satisfactory form. They have not done so, however; and their omission may be fairly attributable to the rapidity, with which—under the present extravagant demand, the printer is compelled to cry out for copy, and the author, depending upon him for his bread,—to supply it. This circumstance will be fatal to the fame of many a fine mind of the day. Even Walter Scott will have lost, in a few centuries, some fair wreaths of that immortality, which, if he had written with less facility, he might boldly have ensured himself to the very "crack of doom;" and Cooper, a spirit of a most ethereal and fine temper, in his thirst

for the bringing forth of his two volumes semi-annually, will fritter away the solid materials of his genius, in abortive and puny labours, that will not survive, even if they live as long as himself. His late work, the Heidenmauer, is absolutely unreadable.

M.—Cooper wants profundity—he may be said to want *heart*—one of the very first essentials of genius. I know nothing about him, but should take him to be a vain man; a creature of concentrated selfishness and conceit. The flippant confidence and complaisancy of many of his uttered opinions—themselves of little real import or value—unavoidably awaken this impression.

G.—I would not venture thus far in my estimate, but I fully agree with you, that he lacks many of the higher essentials of a great Genius. He takes no strong or striking view, either of his subject or his character. He is lamentably deficient in his efforts at the description of the female character, and this may afford some sanction for your idea of his selfishness; since, I take it for granted, that a defect of this kind is most usually identified with the spirit which is least open to the influences of the gentler sex. He is quite too fond of unimportant narration and trifling detail; and, it would seem from the opening of the "Bravo," that the flowered vest of a nobleman's lacquey, had been for a long season, an object of prime and paramount consideration in the mind of its author.

B.—You are even more severe than I should have felt altogether justified in my utterance, though, perhaps, entertaining, in some respects, a like opinion. The miserable fondness which he perpetually exhibits for trifling minutiæ, is certainly a leading feature and a leading fault of his writings; and this is but another consequence of the improper rapidity with which the modern writer is called upon by the public or the publisher; since invention grows jaded from the absence of repose, and the necessity of providing a certain number of pages, to give his work the true vendible dimensions, renders unavoidable the resort to petty and unimportant details, of which we have spoken in reproof. But, you do far less than justice to *our* Novelist. His powers are far greater than you imagine; and, if, at any time, he exhibits a want of profundity in the arcana of romance, it is not because of his inability to explore, but because he is required to be perpetually exploring. There is surely no deficiency of daring and invention in his Indian legends. There is no deficiency of adventure, and no paucity of event in his sea stories. The very scene into which he has penetrated, lacking, as it certainly does, to most other minds, of all material, implies a degree of confidence in his own resources, and a reliance upon his own powers—not deceptive or unsanctioned by the results,—which, to my mind, is conclusive in favour of his genius—of a genius too of the most unequivocal, if not of the very highest, order. His great error, in

latter days, has been in his desire to occupy ground like that over which Scott has travelled with the strength and tread of the giant and the wing of the eagle. I make no question, that, with a noviciate as long, and a study as laborious as that of the great man whom he has presumed to rival, Cooper would do much towards the attainment of a like, though not as lasting, a fame. But his misfortune, in the story of the Heidenmauer, was in the choice of a theme before he had provided himself with material. He has gone into a foreign land without having been to his banker, and who shall wonder at the exhaustion of his resources. Irving, with not one tenth part of the genius of Cooper, goes to work more providently. He has no invention, and contents himself with sketches rather than stories; and these, with a prime and praiseworthy industry, he sets about to collect long before he puts pen to paper. Thus, we are told, that having taken a trip recently among the Indians, he has in preparation a new series of the Sketch Book, drawn from materials thus realized.

G.—Cooper was certainly more at home, and therefore more successful, in his early productions. Long and familiar contemplation of his own country and its associations, admirably prepared him for their illustration; and I am somewhat surprised that his judgment should so far have run wanton, as to have led him away from regions of such extensive and fine fertility.

B.—He will return to them, I predict, in a new form, and with powers renovated from his range. The romantic resources of the West, are not only incomputable, but cannot be said to have been touched. Let the vein once be hit upon, and there will be more laborers, and with not less success, than in any one nation of the civilized globe. We must first acquire the habit of estimating our resources—a habit, which a young nation, dependant, as it is in most cases, upon others, is always excessively slow to acquire.

M.—Talking of the national materials for the purposes of romance, it is matter of surprise, that the great success attending the Romance of English, French, Spanish, and Italian, should not have prompted a like series devoted to Scottish History—a province, I am bold to say, as prolific of this material, and of the very best kind, as any of the nations which have already yielded it. Sir Walter Scott, himself, has shewn as much; and though it was not possible for him to accommodate the free flow of his great invention, to the narrow limits insisted upon in the class of writings here spoken of, yet, in some of his smaller efforts, the Bride of Lammermoor, Black Dwarf, Legend of Montrose, &c. he has given a sanction for the enterprise, which, it is surprising, has never led to its attempt. Looking recently over the history of that country, its wild and various superstitions alone—some of them already but poorly and imperfectly developed by Hogg, and others—possess an interest of the highest order, susceptible of romantic

illustration, and adapted to arrangement, in fictions, of a thousand various kinds. A few chapters which came under my eye but this evening, at the period of Mary Stuart's ascent of the Scottish throne, have all the air of romance, and are not only pleasing but pathetic.

G.—Let us have them. Negus! [*calling our servant, who chose his own name,*] hand the Sherry!

THE POET CHATELARD.

The account which history gives us of this daring and unhappy adventurer, is of as much interest and quite as sadly romantic as that of Rizzio—who, with far less pretension, suffered martyrdom for a like error. The first notice we have of Chatelard places him on board the vessel which bore Mary of Scotland to her unstable empire. The events of that voyage need here no recital. We are told by the historians, who have dwelt upon this particular in the fortunes of Mary with far more precision than distinguishes their narrative throughout, that, with a measure of grief, which, to most persons, would appear highly exaggerated and artificial, "*la Reine Blanche*" —as, from her white mourning, the French had at that time designated her—took her departure from the shores of that fair country, in which her education had been acquired, and which her heart could never, at any period in her life, entirely leave. Nor was this feeling at all abated, by the other circumstances attending her departure. Various and striking were the omens of ill, which marked her sailing, and filled her melancholy spirit with apprehensions not unwar-

ranted by the result; and when advised of the English fleet, sent by her bitter enemy and rival, Elizabeth, to intercept her, not even the pledges of true faith from her gallant but small retinue, could materially diminish or alter the countenance of despair, with which, uttering a thousand exclamations of 'farewell' she kept looking back upon the land which her eyes were so rapidly losing. The strains of the young Chatelard,served up to her senses, with a spirit of corresponding tone with hers, soothed, however, the gloomy temper of the princess, and possibly prevented those wild and violent paroxysms, which usually mark the more extravagant sorrows of the sex. In nature's exhaustion, at last, weeping herself to slumber, she sunk down upon the couch, prepared for her upon the deck of her vessel; while, with a spirit more and more enamoured from the subject of his contemplation, the daring boy who sung above her, filled with hopes as delightful as they were illusory, fell into dreams not less cheering than those of his mistress were sorrowful.

The dawn of the morning found them in the most perilous situation. They were surrounded by the English fleet, and no possible chances appeared for their escape. In that hour, the devotion of those about the beleagured Princess, was finely tried; and none were more ready in their willingness to die in her defence, than the young and accomplished Poet. Indeed, as the nephew of the celebrated Bayard, the knight, *sans peur, sans reproche*—educated in France,

skilled in arts, arms and the required duties of a court, the most refined of Europe—less than devotion to death and firmness amidst torture, could not have been expected from the youth. His eyes flashed defiance, as the tall masts of the approaching and overwhelming force, loomed out upon the horizon; and, throwing aside the harp, to the strains of which, through the night, his fine voice had formed, at intervals, a fitting accompaniment; he drew his sword, and bending on his knee to his Queen, proffered it in gallant language, and begged to use it in her service. Mary smiled through her tears upon the boy, and with a compliment which came with added sweetness from her lips, gave him permission—a permission which made him happy—to die in her defence. But the watchful providence had them in charge, and at the moment of their discovery, a thick fog overspread the seas. A bold hand was upon the helm, and guided unwavering and silently on their course, they escaped, by passing fearlessly through the gathering prows of their enemy.

Chatelard was a favorite, and had the power of maintaining that ground in the estimation of the Queen, which his many accomplishments and warm devotion to her service, had long before won. Amidst opposing claims, he suffered nothing from rivalship, and while other courtiers were exposed to the alternations of a cloudy day, all was sunshine and smiles for him. A poetess herself, Mary delighted in all those professing the gay science; and though we have

no remains of Chate ard, by which his pretensions might be estimated, it appears, from her regard, that his claims were at once agreeable and peculiar. He wrote in all living languages. He read with a voice and manner that improved what he read. He was ready and fluent in composition, and her smiles so encouraged him, that, at length, she herself became his muse, and he learned in a little time to forget all others. Nor was his daring unsanctioned by the circumstances attending it. She seemed—perhaps unconsciously—to encourage his madness. She replied to his verses, in a strain equally amatory; and the rapt Bard forgot entirely his poetical existence in the feelings of the man. Accustomed to every species of adulation, the tender verses of Chatelard did not offend the young Princess; and she smiled at his more extravagant flights, as at the flatteries peculiar to, and pardonable in, the Poet. But her condescension was fatal to the lover. "Her smiles tempted him," says Brantome, "to aspire, like Phaeton, at ascending the chariot of the sun." He grew mad in his hope, and thinking of little beside, and caring for nothing else, the youth had no life but in the wild love which he entertained for his sovereign.

It was at the close of one of those evenings which Mary—freeing herself from the council and the counsellors alike—usually reserved to herself, her "four Maries," and such other of her household, as were classed with the especial favorites—that Chatelard, while performing to the Queen, had drunk in his

richest draughts of delicious enjoyment. Though always gentle and indulgent, she had been to the young Poet, on this occasion, particularly so; and there was that in his heart which could not and would not be controlled. He had just sung the words of a new Poem, in which, as usual, her praises had been embodied; the conceits of which, borrowed in part from the Italian, had won largely of her admiration. The "four Maries," not so fond as their mistress of the divine art, had one by one, fallen into that species of torpor, which, if not sleep is wonderfully like it, and which is not unusual to those kept long in attendance upon a superior. The Queen had not ceased in her admiration, when the fertile genius of the Poet suggested a still richer conceit which his lips had carried into song, and which at once called for another acknowledgement from the gratified and royal listener. She, at length, roused by his inspiration, catching a portion of its influence, struck the harp which she bade him place beside her, and sung with great tenderness and much effect, a little response to his strains, in which, with a like conceit, she requited him. The words were those of love, of deep feeling, and though most probably, they were dictated only in that spirit of compliment and gallantry which distinguished the age, in that country in which both of them had been educated, the adventurous Poet, regarded them as reciprocating in every essential the mad passion of his own spirit. Falling upon his knee, therefore, he

seized her hand, and fervently carrying it to his lips, perceived with renewed delight that she did not rebuke him—that she allowed him to retain it for a second, and only did not permit a repetition of his offence. He spoke to her with a soul which infused itself into every syllable which gathered upon his lips. What he said, he, himself, knew not. His heart was wild, and all his senses in rebellion against his reason. He breathed forth the adoration which he felt, and only offended, when, in the simplicity of his spirit, he dared to hope. The Queen rose, and for a moment she spoke not. There was something of a sweet confusion in her eye, which gave a moment's encouragement to the rash and enamoured minstrel. It is not impossible, indeed, that young, ardent, gentle, highly intellectual, having a spirit attuned like his who addressed her, to the high converse of the muse, and warmed to corresponding sympathies, the pretension of the Bard had been far less heinous in her eye than, under other circumstances, it might have appeared. Her manner was not stern, though grave; and her accents, though not encouraging, were neither severe nor frigid. Looking around upon her attendants—who had, without much difficulty, worked themselves into the profoundest sleep—with resumed calmness, she spoke to the still kneeling and still entreating youth. His fine and graceful figure—his wild, penetrating and impassioned eye—the free and bold gesture of his action—the eloquence of his language—the warmth of his love—were all so many advocates, not merely

for forgiveness, but for a corresponding love. That, in a less elevated station, Mary of Scotland, might have nourished the flame she had enkindled, may not so well be denied, and is far from improbable. But she was a woman of strong good sense—a moment's reflection convinced her of the madness of any thought on the subject, and pitying the youth, with a gentleness of spirit, not unwarmed by a due estimate, and a proper admiration of his pretensions, she found it necessary to silence them.

"This must not be, Chatelard—this must not be. You forget yourself—you forget me, and presume upon that favor, already a subject of complaint in my court, which I have been fain, and it seems, foolish, to bestow upon you. What take you me for, young man? Think you I am a child, and would you teach me to forget the vast difference and distance between us, as you yourself have forgotten it. Be advised in time, ere the lesson comes too harshly and from another tutor than I, who have been, and am, quite too indulgent to you now."

"There can be no sterner tutor to my heart, sweet Sovereign," was the unhesitating response of the Poet, "than your own brow thus frowning upon me; and the only death which I dare not encounter is that which comes with your anger. Say then, that you forgive me—that you grow not again wroth with me, or I care not to leave this spot, though now so gloomy with your frown I am ready to perish here, and now—now, at your feet."

"The vain flattery of your speech, does not blind me, Chatelard, to the presumption of your spirit; but I forgive and pity your delusion, believing as I do, that you do not feign, and seek not dishonestly to practice upon me. Still, this kind of language must be foreborne. You must not be permitted to indulge in thoughts so far above your condition, and so injurious to me. You should remember that I am the Sovereign, to whom your allegiance is due, not the fellow subject, with whose fortunes your own might couple, and suffer neither rebuke nor contamination.

"And are you less my sovereign, sweet Princess, because I love as well as obey? Does the passion which now speaks in my spirit, and warms it into devotion for thine, make me lose sight of the homage which it thus doubly secures to thee? I know you for my Queen—one graciously forgiving for my faults—one too indulgent to my merits. But, not merely as my sovereign do I know you. It is not as the painted authority alone, whom the voice of a people, or the rights of inheritance, have invested with power, that the soul of Chatelard regards the person of Mary Stuart. It is not the bauble of sovereignty and vain sway which I have adored—it is not these which have dazzled my eyes and misled my spirit. I have not been won away from my homage by such as these; and I regarded you, my Princess, as too far above the sex to which you by nature belong, to have much regarded them yourself. I know that you es-

teem not royalty as the silly crowd who gather in its blaze. I have not watched and lingered when all were gone, and loved devotedly when all were hollow and insincere, to doubt, that your soul was as much above the vain trappings of your state, as mine that dared, and still dares, to despise them. And how shall we regard those toys of human arrangement which make the free spirit a reined and fettered thing, and would enslave and bind affections and high passions, according to chartered limits? I have not cared—I shall not care for such restraints, and well I am assured that you are beyond their dictation and control. If you are not—if, with that frailty, which the familiar speech of old time, hath laid to your sex, you have deceived me in this,—I have, indeed, and deeply, offended. But I will not thus imagine. I dare not think, my Princess, that a spirit, so finely wrought as yours, can find a difference in the state with which human laws hedge around authority, giving it superiority over a mind and affections, having no consciousness of ought, by which it might suffer in a comparison with authority of the highest."

"And granting, young man, that I thought as you suppose. Granting, that in my mind, there was nothing in the state itself which should prevent a Queen from bestowing herself on the meanest of her subjects who had found favor in her sight—by what art come you to know that such an one are you. What divination provides you with this goodly assurance? Why hast thou taken it for true, that, having

such a free doctrine as that thou hast so plainly imagined, I have chosen to illustrate it to my subjects, with your aid, in especial."

The mortification of the Poet, he did not seek to suppress. As the Queen spoke, the color came and went on his cheeks, and as his words were uttered in reply, they came from his lips tremulously and only with great effort.

"Sharply, my Sovereign, have you rebuked my folly, but my pride in this, suffers far less than the poor heart in which it abides. It has been my thought, that there were some spirits as sovereign by nature, as they were made so by human creation; and my further thought has been, that such a spirit was thine. Nor can I yet think otherwise, though thou hast chosen to reprove me for my wild love, not as it offends thy own nature, but as it ill accords with the wonted usage of that vain state with which the pageantry of ancient folly has girt thee in. I love thee not less, however, even now, hopeless as thou hast declared my passion to be, and all humbled as thou hast endeavored to make that pride, which, till this hour—assured as it has been of no semblance of aught that was not high and honorable—was never humbled before man—nor, whatever be my fate, can I cease to make the same bold, and, as it appears to thee, most audacious and offensive avowal. I cannot school the nature which I have from heaven, to its own violation, because of any earthly dictation. If it be criminal to love thee, I am thus criminal; and fear me, if I know

myself rightly, that each future hour of my life, will somewhat increase the crime for which the heavy penalty of your stern frown and bitter speech is now gathering in its reproof."

"You are bold, Chatelard—over bold, to your Queen, and, but that I deem you the honest subject, that you have always appeared, and now avow yourself, I should be something more than offended. I forgive you this boldness, and think not when I warn you to greater prudence, and chide you for the forwardness of present speech, that I overlook and am insensible to those gifts of nature and of art, which so present themselves in you, and make you, as I have often said and thought, one of the fairest gentlemen of my court. I am well delighted with your skill in the divine art of poetry, and would be loth to lose that sweet minstrelsy which hath soothed so many of my saddest hours, and which thy skill so cunningly awakens. But thou must be chary of thy speech and thoughts in this foolish matter of which thou hast permitted thy lips to prattle something too freely. Thou hast marked the jealous scrutiny of those, who calling themselves my subjects, are yet my sovereigns, and whom I dare not offend. Thou hast seen for thyself the malignant spirit with which this gross zealot, whom they call Knox, inveterately watches over and vapours at all that concerns me. Pursue not, therefore, this madness, for, whatever my woman heart might teach, my calm reason assures me it is nothing less,—and be as thou hast heretofore been,

and I have been glad to see thee, the noble friend rather than subject, and make me not less, by thy future bearing, than thine, as I would be."

The manner of the Queen, was even more gentle than her words, but the parental character of both was thrown away upon the infatuated youth. He was mad enough to conceive this speech a full sanction for, rather than rebuke of, his passion, and under an impulse, the consequence of that unregulated play of the passions which had him for some time before in mastery, he dared to embrace the now terrified and retreating Mary, while imprinting a fervent kiss upon her lips. The Maids of Honour, awakened at her cries, came to her rescue. The Queen retired to her chamber, and Chatelard was about to leave the little ante-room in which this scene had taken place, when a strong arm was laid upon his shoulder, and the Regent Murray stood before him. The Poet, was as fearless in strife, as he was daring in love; but resistance was hopeless. A score of serving men were at the back of the Earl, by whom he was immediately taken into custody, and that very night committed to a close prison.

The trial of Chatelard, by the proper legal authorities, followed in due and rapid course, under the direction of the regal council. The great favor which the poet had enjoyed, had procured for him not a few enemies; and the jealous hate of Murray, against all and every thing, that stood for an instant between himself and the supreme rule, which

he always desired, and, at that time, almost affected, furnished a spur, on this occasion, to the active measures which were adopted. The trial was had, and the misguided youth was condemned to death. The gentle spirit of Mary revolted when this sentence was delivered. She labored, though vainly, for its commutation; and the stern temper of that stern people, or many among them, over whom she reigned, set down that interest and sympathy which she now exhibited, to the worst of all criminal attachments. As, with tears in her eyes, and an eloquence, not often surpassed, even among men, she rose in the council, if possible, to affect the decision by her own entreaties, and the unhesitating forgiveness which she offered to the captive, the rigid reformer, Knox, throwing aside all sense of propriety, presumed to insinuate a guilty interest in her prayer, which did not exist, and never had existed. It was then, that—as the Queen disdaining all reply, sunk back pained and exhausted upon the cushions from which she had risen—the victim, for the first time, rose to address the council.

"I do not speak," said he, "that I may not perish. I am guilty of all that you alledge, and, since I may not dare to *live*, why should I scruple to die? I have no fears of death, and, at this moment, but little love of life. But for that malignant slanderer, who, not daring to speak out his malice, yet meanly leaves it to the sense of conjecture,—I would speak to his shame. It is false as he affirms it. I am the crimi-

nal in this—the only criminal—if it be a crime to love, and with adoration, not less warmly, though perhaps less acceptably, offered, than that which I have entertained for heaven. Let me," said he, turning to the Queen, "let me, oh, most beautiful and well beloved Princess, do this poor atonement for my offence to you. It is but meager justice to your heavenly innocence, that I say to this people who now sit over me in justice, that my rash passion was no less ungracious in your eyes than it has proved criminal in theirs. This, indeed, is my sorrow—since the chains with which they have loaded these once free and undishonored limbs, and the insolent speech and suspicion which they have poured within these ears, that had hitherto refused to hearken to any sounds that were not noble and sweet—and the ignominious death which is in reserve for me—would have all been as nothing—ay, would have been sought for earnestly and anxiously, as a rich boon and blessing, so that thou hadst felt some of that wild passion in thy breast which thou hast so fatally awakened in mine."

With a refinement of cruelty, which seems to have attended Mary through life, she was compelled to sit in a latticed chamber, overlooking the place of the Poet's execution. This measure was deemed necessary, in order the more fully to exonerate her from the suspicion urged by her enemies, that having first tempted, she had afterwards betrayed, the criminal. It was thought necessary that she should seem to rejoice in his just punishment. The unfortu-

nate youth was brought to execution on the 22d February, 1653. His conduct on the altar of death and degradation, was marked by the most enthusiastic bravery. He rejected the aid of the Confessor; and, having first read aloud Ronsard's celebrated hymn on death, he turned to the chamber, through the lattice of which, the outline of the Queen's form might be seen imperfectly, and after a moment's pause, exclaiming, "Farewell, loveliest and most cruel Princess that the world contains"—knelt firmly and gracefully down before the block. A single shriek from the window announced the moment of execution; and the Queen fell into a swooning fit, as the dismembered head rolled from the gory trunk along the scaffold.

[*Note.*—Some difficulty appears in one passage of the preceding narrative, which may not so readily be explained. How came Knox in the Council? And how, unless with most insolent audacity, if not a member, could he have proceeded to remark in the manner stated at page 37? He was, doubtless, a spectator, and being a divine, it is possible that he presumed upon, and was permitted, some little license; though it would be difficult to conceive that he should have gone so far as this. It is certain, however, that he did say in his account of the transaction, what is here ascribed to him.—*Printer's Devil.*]

B.—Of this singular and romantic story, I have read before. The history of the times to which it refers, and the events themselves, are, however, so faintly touched upon in the works with which I have been familiar, that I had always regarded this narrative as merely suppositious, or at least, true, only in part.

M.—The facts are set beyond question, by recent and modern writers. Mr. Bell more than substantiates it as here given, by the introduction of numerous details which could not well have been invented, and the authority of John Knox, the great reformer of that section, settles the controversy.

B.—The latter personage does not hold a very favorable position in the narrative you have given us. Is it certain that he took the part which you there assign him?

G.—Unquestionably. In this affair, and with reference to its particulars, he was, alike, busy and malevolent. The language of some of his writings on the subject, is marked with the most disingenuous malignity ; and he clearly insinuates that the Queen

encouraged the passion of Chatelard, and afterwards wantonly sacrificed him; though, it was known to the Historian, that the Poet, on the scaffold, and in the presence of thousands, wholly acquitted her of either imprudence or impropriety, and spoke of her stern rejection of his suit as the worst sorrow he had yet known, or could yet undergo.

B.—You must not dwell too harshly, however, on the offence of Knox in this particular. It is unreasonable to look to the contemporaneous historian for a just narration of facts, since the medium through which the knowledge of them is acquired, is, of necessity, discoloured by partizanship, and those prejudices, which, alike, precede and follow it. From whom—where he, himself, was ignorant of the matter—could he procure his information? To whom would he apply? Certainly not to those with whom he was at war; and, if he did, would he be willing to receive, as Gospel, their statements, strained and disguised, as well as those emanating with his own faction, without shaping them to that feature, which, in his mind, he considered the true one? Apart from the consideration of what is merely the fact, in reference to action, who, of what party, could well determine upon the causes which have produced it. How would *effects* be traced by those who have learned to regard—and with reason, if we may judge of their choice of ground—the opposition as unwise in design and direction, and unworthy in intention. The great difficulty, at all times, in the way of the historian, and

particularly of him who is a contemporary and possibly an actor along with the actors, is in determining upon their motives. What kind of justice, for example, could either of the parties of this country and time, anticipate, from the hands of one who was himself actively engaged in the strife?

G.—We are perfectly agreed on this point; and the relative value of Hume, Lingard, Charles Butler and Robert Southey, as writers of authority upon the times and principles, in the examination of which they have been so much engaged and so deeply interested, may readily be adduced to show the difficulty in the way of the writer, who, though coming after, partakes still somewhat too largely, of the spirit prevalent or predominant at the periods of which he has written. Nobody, who thinks at all, can look for a full measure of justice, for people or party, to the Historian who writes for pay or pastime; and who would assert the principles, the philosophy, or the claims of a sect, having himself any bias in the matter. Time must have not only taken the edge from the temper of partizanship, but the fabric must have mouldered, in which its secret plans may have been engendered. The vaults and caverns which have concealed its mysteries, must be overthrown; and with no other spirit than that which is the stimulus of antiquarian research, the Historian must grope among its ruins. Its records are only gatherable in its entire decay—and like the scrolls sometimes found in the bony grasp of the Egyptian mum-

my, death alone must place the memorials of the past, in the possession of the present.

There is one point, however, upon which we are not agreed. You say, in a reference to these unavoidable difficulties of history, that we must not dwell too harshly upon the offence of Knox. Here we are at issue. The offence of Knox arose from an error almost as serious as the offence which produced it. What had he, a Christian prelate, to do with the strifes and dissentions of parties, save with a single spirit, and a reference that could not discriminate between them. The plea may be readily urged in behalf of a layman, but is not available in the case of a minister of God. His province forbade his connection with the struggles of worldly power, and having mingled with them at all, he could only have found exoneration in the benevolent motive which governed, and the strict justice which followed his interference. So far, however, from this having been the case, his whole history seems marked with the busiest and blackest malignity. His spite is tangible at every sentence, and the fire and fury of the penal dooms which he squanders about at a rate the most profuse and improvident, is directed indiscriminatingly at the highest and the humblest of offenders. The spirit sickens as it surveys the industry of a teacher, not working in his province—not saving souls, and soothing the sinned against and sinning, but ministering to bad passions, provoking strife—stimulating, and

furnishing that very material of sin and suffering, which his self-assumed mission proposes to diminish.

R.—Something too much of this discussion—the subject of which may have had his faults, but unquestionably rendered eminent service to the country in which he taught, and confessedly exercised a wholesome influence upon the licentiousness of a nobility, the most turbulent of Europe. Your illustration, a few minutes ago, borrowed from the papyrus of the Egyptian, reminds me of a manuscript of a "most ancient and fishlike smell," which was handed me while on a tour through one of the mad houses of ————, by a young Student contained in its walls, whom too much learning had driven mad. He was actually a victim to the Pythagorean philosophy, which had taken such firm hold upon his imagination, that, in a little while, his friends were compelled by his manifold improprieties to place him under the severest constraints. He was a fine looking youth, with a broad, comprehensive forehead; an eye, the occasional vacancy of which, did not entirely overcast its once brilliant acuteness; and a lip, made excessively beautiful, and which smiled sweetly and poutingly, like that of a fine woman. Under the influence, however, of his philosophical fancies, he had degraded these attractions in the most unhappy manner. In his snudry supposed transmigrations, he mewed with the cat, howled with the wolf, barked with the dog, and endeavored, with strange contortions, to

scream and fly with the eagle. The narrative, as he called it, of his various stages of existence, which he put into my hands, he begged me, at once, for him, to deliver to the world; occupying, as, at that moment in his speculations, he did, no concentrated or embodied form of life, but diffused evenly throughout a vast body of the atmosphere, was his only reason for troubling me with the duty, and for not doing it himself. It is a strange and gothic performance—rather abrupt in its transitions—but will doubtless keep us awake for the rest of the evening, by its wild absurdities.

ΝΟΟΣ *to the World: Prosperity.*

Oh, world! that certainty of which your learned ones boast, is like the fancies of those voyagers, who, in the days of Columbus, took the mocking shapes of clouds for islands, far in the sea. It may gratify your pride to think differently, or rather not to know, that nearly all your pleasures are derived from imagining the existence of things, which may or may not be; but rest assured, when death comes upon you, as it has upon me, you will have then to confess, that what you have honored with the name of wisdom, is mere fiction; and that to say it seems is the only perception you can have of human certainty while on the earth What have been all your notions of things; your magnificent speculations, to prove which, some of your finest scholars have fretted away their lives; your shadowy systems of philosophy that ravished the senses of men—what, but so many dreams? Which of you can say, THIS IS, or THAT IS NOT, whether it come up from the Tub or the Porticoes, from Stagyra or the arched walks of Academe? Nature to you is a mystery; you may guess of it—never know it. It

bears on its face the inscription to the Egyptian Isis—"I am whatever is, has been, or shall be; and no mortal has ever yet taken off the veil that covers me."

Listen then, oh world! to one in the tomb!—in life immortal, while he takes off that veil which conceals nature from your wondering eyes!

I, too, when among you, have had my vain conceits—have filed my soul with burning thoughts of a divine intelligence—have looked on nature, as if it were myself, felt and known—have built up theories to scale the heavens—have pried into the secrets of hidden things, to comprehend the laws of matter and the soul—have slept upon the mountains, to be nigher the Great One, to whom the instinct of every eye turns up—have lent my ear to the delicate flower, and watched it as it perished, to catch some idea of that decay, when the spirit is released: and well do I remember having strangled an innocent dove, and as its life oozed out, I pressed my lips to its gasping mouth, and felt nothing pass away. I did not believe then, as I know at this time, it possessed a soul. I did not believe then, as thou hast left us to *infer*, oh divine Plato!—thou whom Tully hath called "Deus ille noster"—that in the body of this meek bird, was, perhaps, the anima of one whose lust of power had shaken the world to its centre—perhaps the soul of Pythagoras himself! This, this is the tale of wonder I would unfold—this the metempsychosis—this the transmigration of souls—others have conceived it dimly: I have seen it, felt it—know it.

As I write not for praise, but to benefit mankind, it is unnecessary that I should give my memoirs in full. What I shall relate of myself then will be, more for the purpose of verifying a wonder that men dream not of, than to call forth their admiration.

I was born a *naturalist*, in the original acceptation of the word; that is, a lover of nature with her wild diversions, her fixed and massive forms. The nicety of my senses, at an early age, was strikingly alive to impressions of the grand and delicate, the deformed and beautiful, so that my pastimes were enjoyed oftener by the river side, or in the forest, than amidst the racket of the school yard. My father encouraged this loneliness of temper. He was one of those sedate personages, who believed there was nothing like thinking; and I am certain would not have regretted the loss of my eyes, if by this means I could have become as famous as Democritus, to whom report gives the credit of having shut himself up in dark caves, to meditate the more profoundly. He loved learning with the admiration of a Greek—his soul was quickened with the graces of an attic taste, and deeply and glowingly imbued with them. Under such an affectionate tutor, my opportunities of intellectual culture were great; while he, regarding me as his image, was in no way sparing of the time he devoted to my instruction.

I was educated after the old fashion—that is, so many hours were allotted me to exercise in the gym-

nasium; so many to learn music; so many to rhetoric and logic, and so many to mathematics and natural philosophy. I grew up in the midst of huge tomes of classical lore, more an ancient than a modern; versed in the quirks of the schoolmen and the conceits of that time which preceded "the inductive philosophy," when, to borrow the remark of my Lord Bacon, "men were every where cheated with idols of the mind.". At the age of nineteen years, I entered a celebrated University, where the very sort of learning I had been storing up at home, was chiefly in vogue. I soon took the lead of my contemporaries here; and to display myself, frequently maintained paradoxes, which I knew to be unfounded in fact, nay, which were stranger than any of "the infallibles" of Thomas Aquinas. I now turned over Plato and Aristotle, Lucretius and Seneca, and all the hosts of eminent moralists, who succeeded them in the Grecian and Italian schools, and in this way increased the bent of a mind, decidedly metaphysical. I was also familiar with the modern schoolmen; and after comparing their works with those of the ancients, I concluded, that the former had quitted the right paths of philosophy. I felt, that between the disagreements of so many learned men, the truth was to be found; and with this intent I may say I shut myself up. I observed in my study the same rigid silence which the Samian prescribed to his disciples at the Κοινόβιον. I refrained from all sorts of recreation—I became a stranger to every thing but my own

reflections—conversing with nature as she looked, not as she spoke. I now studied myself—turned my observation within—shut my eyes to shut out things—traced each idea to its "archetype"—ran with it through its infinite links of association: tried to conceive, to guess at the form, in which it may have preexisted—paused—doubted—endeavored to recollect—dwelt on what Plato calls reminiscences; but could not discover any identity as to where, or in what places, my soul resided since it emanated from the self-existent one. I redoubled my meditations—slept—awoke—asked myself where my soul had been all that time?—Did it fly back to the Ψυχη του κοσμου, or did it return to those bodies in which it once existed, there to disport in its old haunts, or to meditate like a long absented traveller over the ruins of some homestead, where in the spring time of youth dwelt a being fresh and beautiful and gay—or was it dead, or was there another soul animating my body in its place? Alas! the more I thought, the more did I become a mystery to myself. Such feverish agitations could not last long—I felt my health stealing from me, but with him of old, "I would not live upon the top of Mount Athos, to linger away life in pleasure." I preferred rather to wear it out, than waste it in pursuits unworthy its "divine original." To die was an event I now longed for, as the moment when, my worried spirit would penetrate those mysteries it could not unravel: and I shall never forget that moment, what-

ever be my fate, whether my soul hereafter be in the air or in the sea, in an insect or an angel!

The night of my death is fresh in my memory: I was fatigued, dejected, nervous from intense study. I felt a closeness in my room, and seated myself beside a window to breathe the air. I looked upon nature, and thought how Rousseau died. I watched until the moon went down. Every thing about me looked like waking youth, sturdy and strong, contented and joyous; but in me there was an indefinable, a feverish aspiration that fixed my eye upon a speck of light, which broke out in the east. It looked like a blinking star, then grew into the size of a globe. I bent my eyes upon it, and thought I could discern the shadows of living beings in it; but then it shot out its glare full in my face, and proved to be the sun. I longed to be where it was, in the centre of worlds, to stand upon its top and overlook all created things—to see light come to me and go from me—to see the universe move round me and hear the music of the spheres! Suddenly, something seemed to draw me towards the sun, to press and push me forward. There was a twisting and turning in my heart, as if it were a coil of shivering snakes—it enlarged, and shortened my breath—it rolled slowly up my throat; and while expanding, absorbed the vital principle from every part of my system. My mouth now opened of itself, when, wonderful to relate, I beheld my soul, finer than a spider's web, wound out by an invisible hand in the sun? I looked at it—that portion

which denoted passion, choked me, it was so thick—volition was too fine to be perceived; and memory was knotted, and pricked me as it passed out, with a velocity greater than that of light. This was the last faculty I could observe—a lethargy covered my body—a tingling noise rang in my ears—something snapped within like the break of a fiddle string, and in an instant I was dead!

My soul was now disembodied—cut short of the mortal weight that kept it down to earth; ready to explore all that I had imagined of the world to come. I was bursting with joy—a rapturous joy, without one throb, one blush of sense, but intellectual all. Now, thought I, for the blue skies in the distance—now for the stars and the worlds—now for the silent retreats in heaven, for etherial affections and the Eternal One!—These shall be mine to exult among, to see, to enjoy! But alas! how delusive is hope, even in death! I, who had been "the lord among wits," the idol of the schools, with fortune and power at my beck, found my soul in a fly that buzzed about me at the moment of my death; and was now committing improprieties on that body which it ever had been my pride to decorate, and to embalm with the scents of Araby. For, think not, oh world, when the body dies, the spirit flies directly to the self-existent one; it ranges through the universe until it is purified and fitted by the acquisition of a comprehensive knowledge, to commune with the TO EN και

TO ON—still possessing an intelligence, in whatever thing it may for the time have its being, that aspires to imitate the perfections of the source, from whence it came.

The moment I found my soul in this fly, I noted every thing about me. There was my body remaining in the position in which it died; here was my confidential servant picking my pocket; there was my heir rudely tearing open my will: and here my faithful dog looked wistfully in my face, to catch a smile from eyes, that had shut forever. Of all present, he alone grieved for my untimely end. He wagged his tail, and watched those who carelessly infested my corpse, to recognize a master's sympathy; but no one said "Poor Tray." Aye, thought I, poor brute, I'll fly to thee—thee that art not of my blood or kin—thee that welcomed me in the door way when the night was wet—thee that never murmured when I was vexed, and ever wert the same to me—to thee I'll fly. But oh, melancholy! he swallowed me, like one of those scraps I had so often thrown him from my own table!—and now was I in the body of my dog, scolded by the cook, neglected by my heir, and starved in my own house in the midst of the utmost lavishment.

This was not all—my study was converted into a den of wassailers—the wines sent me from Pompeii, as a precious taste of antiquity, and which my imagination often delighted to regard, as the very Falernian the elder Pliny would have sipped, had he

survived the destruction of that ill fated city, were consumed as so much water. My black letter, my books, my venerable classics, now rotted in damp cellars—my rare and curious paintings comprising not a few of the *chefs d'œuvres* of the great masters, were thrust into corners, or under the table—the landscapes of Lorraine were used as fire skreens, and my beautiful Etruscan vases as so many spit basins—an Apollo Belvidere that cost me much money and entreaty to procure, was without a nose, which one of the sots who now frequented my house, had knocked off with an empty rummer, in the height of an electioneering revel. This I could not endure—the sight sickened me—I left the house—I ran in the streets—I sneaked into the dwelling places of those who were my fast friends in early life—I barked—I tried to tell them who I was—how could they understand me? I was beaten out; teased; driven before the winds, and went raving mad. I now felt an inordinate desire to tear every thing to pieces; to run from the world; to leap from my own shadow. I was frantic, wild as the tempest, and hurried every where by a lurking devil within, until cruel fate carried me to the abode of a fair lady, of whose affections, I had at one time entertained hopes. She was meditating in a parterre, where I had often plucked roses for her, unconscious of danger, and pure as the garment that concealed her white bosom. A fury controlled me—I rushed, I sprung upon her—what were her tears, her cries, her beauty to me?—I bit her—I bit her with the edge

of hate. And yet, oh world! I loved her once with a timidity, that thrilled me in her presence—that made me feverish when I looked her in the eyes—twas an awe, a devotion, an idolatry, that bent me to her, as the centre from which my every thought took its brightness, so that her life to me was dearer than my own. But, ah me, I was a dog, and she the queen of love—I, a brute; she the light of enamoured eyes—I, a four-legged thing; she of exquisite grace, and rare intelligence!

Poor Tray was killed at her feet, and immediately after my soul entered the system of this charming, this fresh and budding, beautiful girl—glancing in her eyes; mingling in the music of her voice; animating her cheeks; intimate with her secret thoughts, her pleasant arts, her concealed emotions, and absolutely dispensing smiles on the very rivals I was wont to detest. Oh, how delicate were the impulses of her nature!—how gentle, how lively the hopes of her tender heart, instinct with emotions of love and piety. Life came to her like an Eastern fairy, to scatter her walks with flowers; to soften the sky tints for her eyes—perfuming the air that kissed her jetty tresses—wreathing shades for her deep repose, and making her, all in all, a being of smiles, of sensibility and innocence. But all these attractions could not save her—the lurking poison of Tray's teeth crept to her heart, long after he had been forgotten.

She was in a gay saloon, in the midst of joy, and love, and laughter. Many were there to whisper

compliments in her ear—many to gaze in rapture on her airy motions through the mazes of the dance—many to wonder and wonder at her ravishing beauty, before which the old and young bowed down, as if she were indeed the Cyprian Queen. This, to her, was a night of charms, of sway, of pride. She walked —the crowd shrunk back to let her pass. She stood—they kept apart that she might breathe the freshened air. All eyes were on her—all tongues spoke in her praise—all hearts beat with love for one, who was that night the star—the winning magic of the hall! A youth of peering elegance stood beside her—he was charmed by her eyes, and looked in them as in a mirror, where he thought to divine his hopes—he beheld there visions of melting love, and timid wishes, and burning passion—he looked, he looked. Suddenly her eyes lost their softness, and glared and rolled.—

"Water," she cried in a shivering voice—the assembly paused.

"Water," she screamed in accents guttural and wild——the music ceased, the dance, and all.

The youth now went and came, bearing a goblet in his hand. Her lips quivered, her bosom heaved—she stretched out her pale fingers to receive it, and started back as from a serpent—then looked around in vacancy—then tried to smile—then seemed abashed at the mute surprise of those about her—then paused—then trembled: and with an effort that almost burst her temples, she snatched the glass; eyed it

with horror, and convulsively dashing it from her, exclaimed, "the dog, the dog—I'm mad!"

Yes, sweet girl! in the midst of life thou wert mad indeed; and I that loved thee, God knows how much, was the involuntary cause! Go, beautiful one, and live!—Take thy flight into the heavens, and fear not; for thou shalt meet in thy way no storms, nor rains, nor biting chills. Fly to him that made thee, and on the great day of account, should any one dare question thy purity, call on me who dwelt in thy fair body, and I will testify that thy young heart had no wish, nor thought, at which an angel could have blushed!

* * * * * * * *

Here, oh world, I should stop. I have said enough to convince you of the immortality of the spirit, and its transmigration after death; but it remains for me to inform you that it exists also in inanimate objects, —in the rose and in the shrub,—in the sands upon the sea shore, the pearl and the oyster. After abiding in every animal from man to the moth, I found myself at last, in a Golden Eagle—"the Bird of the Gods,"—a mighty bird. The sensations, the economy, the habits of every living thing on the earth were familiar to me; and I now wished to explore the world above! I stretched my broad wings in the air. I darted at the stars as if they were my game; and gazed on the sun with an eye that never winked. I would sail in spiral motions to the highest point in the Heavens, and,coming down like a meteor towards

the earth, instead of dashing out my life, would stop short ; and flutter and fly away to some shaggy peak, that looked like a speck of cloud in the skies. I would rush against the whirlwind, enveloped in its blackened furies, its peals of mumbling thunder, and its electric lights; and, bearing myself more proudly than a God above its rage, see it devastate fair villages and cities adorned with every art—scattering them before its wrath—tearing up tall forests by the roots, and tumbling down the massy pyramid ! I have sat upon the castle wall, when the night was azured over, and watched the moonbeams breaking on the placid lake, where a gentle gondolier sung to "eyes brighter far than day ;" and merely for sport, would throw the shadow of my wings upon their enamored looks, while they, in very consciousness of guilt, would start and tremble and take all this, for some blighting omen to their stolen loves. I have circled the broad lights of the milky way, that seemed a spangled veil to those on earth ; and from this bright abode have seen beneath me a stupendous planet of solid ice, on which, nor bud, nor grain would thrive, whirling with a crushing noise, through vapours itself had congealed ; and chilling the eyes that looked upon it, from the far off altars in the sun. This was the Hell of those who have no heat of love or friendship in them—who nip the hopes of modest men and freeze them with a sneer—who pass by genius starving in the streets, without one smile of sympathy! "O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp" I would

glide, and look into the gorged pit of a volcano, where I beheld boiling surges of flame, fiercely leaping over their stony barriers, and in cataracts of fire, deluging the country around—driving the ocean back upon itself, and raising mountains of glowing lava in the sea. I have sat, securely, on the eve of a cascade, while other birds from fright would fall into the raging eddies below; and thence have darted like an arrow on the wind, and rested over the water spout, and watched its sweeping whirl, break and bury in the sea, a graceful ship, which, the moment before, had floated as lightly as a swallow in the air!

Scenes like these I daily dwelt among. And, after having visited every corner of the earth, and lived in its solitudes, deep in the forest shades, or high upon the mountain top wrapped in eternal snows; or amidst the damps of aged towers, that cast their lengthened shadows over the broken memorials of far famed nations, now covered with the dust of time—after I had lived with nature, and learned her ways and loved her select influences, and exulted amidst her grand and beautiful creations,—in fine, after my soul had been purified and exalted, and "assimilated to the Divine mind, in that wisdom, justice and holiness, which constitute the perfections of his nature"—I aspired to be nigher his immaculate presence. The earth had nothing more for me to see or know, and to the sun I now determined to take my flight—to its altars, where the phœnix of old bore its parent, to be consumed in "flames of fragrance." I knew

that my time was come—to go into far regions—to live in the midst of new elements and distant worlds, shut up in the mystery of the clouds—perhaps on my way to suffocate in thin airs, or perish in climes of eternal snow—to burn in blasts of tartarean fire, or be crushed by some frantic comet, rushing through the heavens ; or drowned in a mighty ocean, suspended in the upper air by Him who keeps each planet in its place—perhaps to look the GREAT ONE in the eye, and die beneath his frown !—These doubts and fears opened my heart to the most solemn reflections. The undertaking before me was perilous and grand—enough to alarm the bravest soul; but He "whose centre is every where, and circumference no where," inspired me with confidence, and to him I addressed the lines of the great Florentine before I departed.

"Father Supreme ! O let me climb
That sacred seat, and mark sublime
Th' essential fount of life and love.
Fount, whence each good, each pleasure flows,
Oh, to my view thyself disclose !
The radiant heaven thy presence throws !
O, lose me in the light above !
Flee, flee ye mists ! let earth depart.
Raise me and show me what thou art,
Great sun and centre of the soul!
To thee each thought, in silence, tends;
To thee the saint, in prayer ascends;
Thou art the source, the guide, the goal;
The whole is thine, and thou the whole."

After casting one long, last, lingering look behind, I stretched my wings upon the breeze, and soon rose above the dingy vapors which cover the earth. I could see storms gathering and stealing like angry assassins in the dark, upon the abodes of men ,while they were at their revels and least expecting the sudden fury that awhile would break upon their heads. I flew up higher and higher—the earth was diminishing in size, until it looked like a white spot in the centre of a pall, extensive as my vision. I passed through airs, sometimes light and sometimes thick—through sleet and sheets of snow, that glittered like so much silver in the lightning's flash—through skies of amber scattered over with grotesque shades of emerald hues—through regions of airy nothing, whiter than alabaster, with here a flush of pink, and there black forms in faintness like the hieroglyphics of ruined Thebes.

I continued in my lonely track—no living creature near me—no voice—no noise, save the buzzing of the planets in their whirls. I felt desolate, and screamed to hear myself. I feared to look below, lest the dizzy sight might make me fall. I would have turned back; but the same impulse that pressed me towards the sun when I first died, bore me up. I shut my eyes in desperation—I flew, I darted on bewildered, and almost dead with fright. I know not whither, or how long I cleaved the elements about me, for I was unconscious—It may have been for days or months—when at last I found myself panting on

something smooth and firm. It was a crystal sphere, set in an atmosphere of gold, around which zephyrs, scented with the odours of every clime, sported in graceful eddies. I looked through its polished surface, and lost my sight for a time. I looked again—how rich! how rare! how beautiful! I beheld pleasant shades arched over with evergreens, from which purple grapes and yellow apples vibrated in the balmy air—waterfalls, at whose feet little children laved themselves—rills of liquid pearl, on which the graceful swans circled their snow white necks, and sung that music, which the world hath lost—Parian grottoes, half concealed in drooping willows, where old men, with beards whiter than his of Scio, opened the book of life and read aloud—Temples, grander than the Parthenon, fresh from the touch of Phidias, where the choice minds of every world, Homer, Tully, Milton, and all communed together, and spoke the language of the gods; the full expressive Greek of Plato: while youthful genius, who died beside THE LAMP, heard each sage recount the many intellectual fevers that led him away, into strange conceits of things, so uncongenial to the immortal soul: and here were angels too—blue eyed girls with blushes in their cheeks, not of mortal desire, but holy love!—some knelt in prayer with clasped hands; others listened with charmed ears to a gentle one, who, with the jewish harp in hand, reclined on the velvet sward under bowers of perpetual bloom, and uttered

through her ruby lips, the glories of THE OMNIPOTENT!

I saw there too, oh yes! in silent prayer, the young one of my heart—she who grew up with me, and died; leaving a precious bud of life in her cold body—she, my sister! who loved me so much!—Believe it, friends, I saw her there—I shook my wings—I screamed—I tried to call her name—I beat my head to break in to her; to clasp her to my bosom; to hear her speak and laugh, and make me happy!—Alas! she thought of God, and never looked at me!

Suddenly, music, the most ravishing, streamed on high, which was echoed back by each star of the universe, and ended in one grand diapason of celestial harmony. And now every living thing bowed down in prayer—the trees bent their tops—the waters of the cascades stood still, forming arches of a thousand orient hues—the birds were fixed in their dizzy heights, with outstretched wings, and all within seemed nature without breath or life, chiseled out in attitudes of silent devotion—The atmosphere colored with the cerulean tints of eve, and threw its mellow shade on the kneeling crowd. How soft—how beautiful the picture!—Like the children of old who fled the scourge of Egypt, and knelt and prayed in the moonlight forest, to him that spake the law—and now the sweetest notes mingled with the floating air, and stole along in melody soft and mournful, as an Æoleon harp trilling from the high window of some monkish dome; like a zephyr it moved o'er the wa-

ters, while the ravished ear, as if unwilling to let such music die, followed its playful echoes through the heavens, until they melted away into silence. All was breathless rapture—nothing stirred—not a being spoke.

Another blast of harmony pealed along, and ended as before—and then a dazzling light pervaded every place—each thing now seemed like glass illumined through, in which the smallest speck or mote—the motions of the heart—the blood in its tiny vessels—the tinted fluids in the petals of the rose—the minute crystals in the diamond's core—the greenish animalcule in the limpid stream—the fairy fry of gorgeous insects in the waving airs, were perceptible as day. I turned to the East from whence this magic came. I beheld a massy rock of polished whiteness higher than heaven from earth, rising in lonely grandeur out of an ocean of sapphire—Its top was circled with a crown of stars, larger and brighter than the planets—within beamed an eye of broad and glorious light, that enlivened each thing it gazed upon, and looked it through and through.—It was the great Eye of the Universe, which sees through space, through matter and through time—which shoots its rays into the centre of distant spheres, and looks within itself—which hath no night, no sleep, no earthly rest—but looks and looks forever!

Presumptuous fool! burst thine eyes to see!! then feel what thou art—a speck in creation still. Vain daring thing!!! Look the Almighty in the eye?—

Wither into nothing—and know that his single glance can burn up systems, and animate them again—Look!!! Yes—that one look was my life—my existence was but a moment—I reeled and fell and flickered into air.

And here I am, oh world! in the winds, the skies, any and every where, at one and the same time—murmuring in the breeze that plays in the tangles of your hair; or dwelling on the cloud that spreads its robes over the bright disk of the moon—low in the mortal vapor of the dank cavern, or high in the rolling azure above you—pervading space as heat does the particles of matter, which constitute the earth. How long I may have to remain where I am, is not for me to know; but now that I am about you, noting your every look, and act and speech, however they may be hidden from other eyes, let me entreat you, before I return forever, to "THE SOUL OF THE WORLD," to treasure up what I have written—to reverence it and believe it as a scroll from heaven. Remember that all things, all space, all nature, is quickened with an eternal essence, and refrain from doing violence to the paltriest atom, since it feels and lives. The very atmosphere you breathe contains an immortal principle, that sees into the windings of your heart. The mother who nursed you, may hover about your couch; and the friend to whom you have proved unkind, may lurk in the vapour that poisons your lungs. "THE GREAT EYE" not only sees, but there are those about you who fathom your

thoughts with a consciousness, which no earthly trick or cunning can deceive—to whom your secret vices are palpable.

Love nature, then, oh world! as you would yourself---it is yourself---your body of sense and passion in which the soul must exist, and be purified, before it lives forever!

And now I will say to that dear friend, whom I see yonder bending o'er his books, that I am often nigh him---in the winds that cool his temples, in the odors that sport upon his bed, in the soft shadows that skreen him from the sun, or in the blue tinge of morn so grateful to his eyes. And here I am, my friend, in this high cloud---look up to me. Ask what thou wouldst have; and if the Great One wills it, I'll come to thee, in shape delightful, whether thy mood be one of weal or woe; or, if thou hast no need of aid, when thou wouldst have it, look up here and call on me!---I'll come!

CHAT CONTINUED.

B.---This is a strange fragment, and well worthy the wildest moment of mental hallucination. Still, there is something coherent, and occasionally methodical, about it; and, but that we have your assurance that it is *bona fide* from the hands of one under wardship, we might be almost free to suspect you of some device of your own in the matter.

M ---Surely not:---the gothic and outre taste which appears to have prompted the style of expression, might well be adduced to save me from any suspicion of this nature. I received it, as I tell you; and see no difficulty in the matter, if you will only remember, that it comes from one, insane only on this topic, who is well read in this, as in most other respects; and, who has set himself down to the task of imitating the simple and majestic diction of the ancient philosophers.

B.—Which, by the way, he has most egregiously mistaken!

G.—If I understand rightly, the Pythagorean, or, rather, the Platonic philosophy, he has shot wide of his design, if we are to understand *that* to have been, a carrying out of the systems of these Philosophers to their proper consequences in the person of some possible instance. They contend, simply, for the passage of the freed soul into the form of one just created, or about to be created, and not already imbued with the immortal spirit. He, on the other hand, with a wilder flight, assumes that it may enter and embody itself in communion with another, already in the occupation of the tenement. In this matter, the philosophy is purely his own; and, wild as are the dreams of the ancients, they should not be burdened with one so very extravagant, and so utterly foreign to all reason as this.

M.—Yet even this notion, wild and novel as you think it, does not belong to the madman who makes use of it here. It appears to be little else than the popular belief of most primitive nations, and the Indians, from whom the Pythagorists and Egyptians borrowed their more improved doctrine, seem to have held a very similar persuasion. Nor, indeed, believing as they seem generally to have done, that the souls which impregnated the several forms of men, were, alike, all emanations from the one centre and returnable to it,—do I see any thing so absurd in the notion of a commingling between two or more of these distinct particles. It appears to me that such an idea

is not a whit more groundless or extravagant than the other.

B.—The subject is one perfectly *unmootable.* The moment you take it up, you get upon a wide sea of speculation and controversy, in which all barks are rudderless, and to the shores of which no planet can point. This union of souls, if it is ever known, must simply be the union of sympathies; and marriage may be held the only possible approach which we can ever make to any such conjunction.

G.—And heaven keep us, say I, from any such approach. The quiet of our *studio* is quite too wholesome, happy and exhilarating, to permit of any desire on my part for that particular music, of which Socrates appears to have had a surfeit; and which, if this Pythagorean philosophy have any foundation, might bring us a rough sort of bed-fellow, in a resuscitated and re-invigorated Zantippe. Keep me, ye benign spirits, from all such hazard.

Omnes. Amen!

G.—But let us speak revently, and with due caution. Who knows that the soul of that renowned virago, is not even now hovering over us, in the ill favoured gnat which has been buzzing about us for the last hour, and which we have all been so solicitous to demolish. I should be sorry to provoke any extra degree of malignity; and, if you please, we shall avoid a topic which involves, if not so much danger, at least so much doubt. Let us change our subject

to one less likely to prove of injurious result ; and not to be too curious, who was that old country codger with whom you were so gravely chatting all the morning. I could not help remarking the singular violence of his action, and more than once was seriously disposed to think your nose in danger from the unmeasured swing of his arm. Was he inflicting his politics upon you ?

B.—No—any thing but politics. I had meant to have given you the benefit of his speech, and something more, and may do so now. The old man was well known to my parents in my childhood, and at that period knew me well. He is a Planter of ——— Parish, and this, his first visit to the city for many years. By the merest accident he found me out, and renewed his acquaintance. He comes to town now, would you believe it, with the view of becoming an author ; and, with the accumulated labour of forty years, in criticism, biography, tale and anecdote, laden, he has been to all the Booksellers, Printers and Publishers in the city, in the hope to find some one willing to adventure a small capital upon his proposed publication.

G.—But, of course, without success ?

B.—Can you doubt ? He has acquired some experience by this time, and, accordingly, his violent action, as you witnessed it, was devoted to the wholesale denunciation of every thing in our city, which bore the aspect of print or publication shop. He is now bent on Europe, as he is determined that the

world shall not longer live in that abject condition of ignorance, consequent upon his apathy and obscured glory. He gave me some specimens of his performance, one of which, yet unread, I have in my possession, and, with your leave, after a glass of wine, the better to bear the infliction, I will give you an opportunity to judge of his pretension.

Omnes. Negus ! Negus ! Negus !

Negus. Sir—Sir—Sir !

Omnes. Sherry ! Sherry ! Sherry !

Sometime before the beginning of our war of Independence, there settled in one of the middle Districts of this State, a small family of emigrants from the Mother Country. It consisted of a tall, dark, and rather melancholy looking man, who introduced himself into the community, with the name of Rogers, leading along with him, a young and interesting wife, who seemed a being too fair and frail, to bear the hardships and rigours of a life, in a country so rude and uncultivated. Nor did she languish long, after her settlement in the place, under the fervour of our Southern sun. She had scarcely been a year in the neighbourhood, and her beauty and benevolence had but just wound themselves around the hearts of those who knew her, circling them within a magic influence, when premature death destroyed the spell, blighting and blasting the hopes of the husband, and the fond affections of those she had already made her friends. She lived only to leave behind her an infant daughter, who might keep alive those sweet sympathies which she had excited, but the re-

sult of our story will shew whether her anticipations were realized.

Rogers was stricken to the soul by this event. He had mingled his spirit too intimately with hers to think they could ever be separated; and when it winged itself away, he could hardly believe it. Her influence over him was felt and acknowledged; and had it lasted a little longer, might have reclaimed and restored to usefulness, a disposition wild and wilful, but not naturally wicked. But those chords of character which had been attuned and harmonized by the touch of so sweet a temper, were snapped—too violently snapped asunder, and relapsed into their usual harshness and dissonance. Those dark qualities which had been so long suppressed and hidden from his own consciousness, by his affections, were at once brought to light. The veil which covered them was rent, and he recoiled back at first, when he recollected to what they had before reduced him. He shuddered when he looked, but he could not resist the course of fate into which he was impelled.

In this uncertain and erratic state of mind, had Rogers met with some object, around which he might rally and recall his bitter and bewildered feelings; had heaven but granted some being, with whom he might share those sympathies he had now began to taste and to love, even here he might have been saved from the cruel consequences which ensued. There is, however, no accounting for probabilities; for there is a waywardness in the affairs of men,

which is ever leading them into misery and misfortune.

Rogers turned his thoughts now on his daughter. She was too young at this time to afford him any of those consolations he coveted. Yet, as she grew up, she every day developed many of the peculiarities of his character, which, if they were not calculated to recover and recall his lost affections, were at least sufficient to excite a paternal interest in his breast. Unfortunately, she resembled him in all things too much, to turn and direct his disposition into a different channel from that in which it was naturally bent; but following the same inclinations and enticements, she soon made herself, to him, a companion, whom he could not easily do without. She was already of a high and haughty temper, passionate, proud, and impatient of controul. Wild and adventurous in her long and frequent rambles: fond of solitude, or of the society of her Father alone, and listening with eager attention to his strange and secret stories of perilous, but profitable, adventures, by flood and field.

In these moments of undisguised confidence, would Rogers unfold to his daughter the most hidden secrets of his soul; relate to her the troubled and turbulent course of his life, and mention dark, dreadful, and deathlike deeds, which would raise at once her admiration and her horror. He told her his whole history—his origin—his education—his mad manner

of life—his acts of violence and vice—the wild nature of his love for her mother—her equally enthusiastic adoration of him—their midnight meetings in her father's halls—the discovery of their loves—the rage and revenge of the proud baron—his outlawry—the secluded imprisonment of her mother—the birth of her son—the violent way by which he effected her escape—with the death of the priest who had secretly married them—and how the priest, as he had heard, upon his death-bed, gave the grand father a letter, which he made him promise never to open, until the child arrived at the age of manhood. He likewise related the correspondence he had kept up with the priest, until his death, and that he had since heard nothing of his son, who had got a commission in the army from his grand father—in a word, as soon as she had arrived at the age of confidential discretion, he let her at once into the whole, the awful secret. —She was the *Outlaw's daughter.*

When Ellen Rogers, now arrived at the age of eighteen, was listening to the recital of her father's history, she was seated beside him, on the uprooted trunk of an old oak, in the deep recesses of a forest. He had led her to that secluded spot, as well to avoid the observation of listeners, as to heighten the effect of his tale, by the solemnity of the surrounding scenery. While he spoke, he marked every movement of her mind, every shadow of thought, that flitted across her anxious countenance. When he came at last to the dreadful word—*Outlaw*, he fixed his keen eye

upon her, and read her very soul. As the terrible truth flashed upon her mind, her spirit was startled for an instant, but not a feature of her face expressed its perturbation. She looked around her cautiously, as if apprehensive some one was near; then darting her piercing black eye upon him, while yet his last words seemed to hang heavily upon the silent ear, with a smile of haughty defiance upon her lip, she exclaimed, "Then, Father, I am the Outlaw's Daughter."

From this moment Ellen felt a new spirit stirring within her. She moved, she acted, she thought differently. Her Father's crimes were, in her enthusiastic adoration, raised into heroic exploits; his vices were softened by her affection, into trivial peculiarities of character, and those misfortunes which his own improprieties had produced, were wrongs—wrongs which his enemies had heaped upon him, and which she hoped one day to avenge.

Inspired with such feelings, and closely connected with all his sentiments and thoughts, she became his constant companion. Delighting only in those pleasures which pleased him, she became the partner of every sport in which he took any interest. In his long hunts in the forest, in his expeditions to distant parts of the district, and in his journies to the city, she always accompanied him on horseback. And frequently, disguised in male attire, would she ride at midnight alone, to carry some secret message to an old confederate, who lived more than ten miles

across the forest. She soon became a proficient in the uses of warlike weapons, and handled fire-arms with a dexterity and skill, which few persons of more masculine spirit and strength could attain.

This sort of life was to the taste of Ellen Rogers. Of a bold and romantic disposition, she was emulous in time of equalling the deeds of her parent: and forgetting the delicacy and retiring weakness of her sex, she aimed only at attaining the adventurous daring of his. Her partiality to the Robber's profession, and her proficiency in its first rudiments, far from being discouraged and checked, were cherished and increased by every opportunity her delighted Father could afford: so that, it was not long before he discovered in his daughter, with evident pride and satisfaction, the full developement of all those wild qualities, which had been the ruin of his youth.

About this time the war of the Revolution broke out, and we date the commencement of our story from this period.

In the struggle for liberty, the ill-fated province of Carolina was destined to acquire her share of the birthright, with much misery and bloodshed. Troops' infuriated with the resistance they had met with at the North, poured into her fertile fields, pillaging and plundering as they went, both friends and foes. Resistance was made, and overcome. Armies met, fought, and fled, rallied and re-conquered. The dispersion, the flight, the pursuit, filled the country with scattered partisan bands, who made war on their own

account. Robbery and rapine were matters of common occurrence, and of very little moment to any, but those concerned. The armies of the Royalists and Republicans were too busily engaged in acts of public hostility, to trouble themselves much about suppressing and punishing offences against private persons and property. It is not to be wondered at then, that men of depraved and predatory habits, having full liberty for the exercise of their calling, should seize with alacrity the occasions and opportunities thus offered. There are indeed, in every community, characters enough, whose natural viciousness is only veiled until circumstance calls it into view.

Of this class of men was Rogers, and he quickly became one of its most prominent personages. Upon the breaking out of the war, he immediately devised his mode of action. The recollections of his youth were revived, in the exploits which he saw every day performed. And he could not resist the propensities, which early habit had engrafted so deeply in his mind. Accordingly, he immediately changed his course of life; threw aside the mask he had so long worn, and appeared in his real character. He became at once more sociable in his habits, and mixed freely with those around him. Of a quick and acute penetration, he soon discovered and selected those men whom he thought proper for his purpose. He sounded their secret dispositions, and took advantage of their wants and wishes, and so moulded them to

his design, that they were soon ripe and ready to execute any enterprise he might lead. With his yet remaining means, he armed and equipped them, and when he found the country, now in a fit state for his operations, he rallied around him this band of kindred spirits, and raised his flag against the community.

Before the inhabitants, in their divided and distracted state, could assemble into a body, numerous and resolute enough to make any concerted effort of resistance, this band of Black Riders (as they were called from the colour of their deeds and dresses,) swept over the whole district, exciting terror and consternation wherever they went. The farmer fled at their approach, leaving his plantation and houses to wasteful and destructive plunder. Swamps and extensive forests were sought for shelter and protection. While some favourite few were allowed to purchase impunity of person and property, by paying large sums of money to this collector of Black Mail; others, whose stubborn bravery prompted them to defend their goods and treasures, either perished amid the flames of their mansions, or, if escaping, after having caused the death of any of his crew, were sure of meeting with no mercy, should they afterwards be taken. And more than one hanging appendage from the limbs of trees and gate beams by the road side, served to show the folly of resistance, by that horrible and cruel commentary of the Robbers.

While all these acts of violence were alarming the neighbourhood, no one knew the terrible Chief

who caused their commission. Rogers, with his daughter, had sometime since deserted his residence, and had gone, it was generally supposed, out of the province, to avoid the inconveniences and dangers of the war. And so completely did he disguise himself and his deeds, that many had beheld him, and trembled in his presence, but none had ever suspected his identity.

Ellen Rogers had now attained the summit of her ambition. Her Father was now where she had long hoped to see him—at the head of men ready to execute his commands. She felt herself now, what before she had only fancied—the Robber's Daughter. Her dreams of romance were now realized. Inspired with an enthusiastic spirit, with a masculine strength of mind, she rode by the side of her Parent, inspiriting his men to desperate and dangerous exploits. Now in her twentieth year, her form, by exercise, had acquired a symmetry and proportion to which few female figures ever attain. Her person was somewhat above the middle height, and in the dress which she wore, made a very respectable appearance as a man. The features of her face were too strongly marked with decision and firmness, to express much of the softness and delicacy of female loveliness. There rested upon her countenance at times, a certain meditative and melancholy shade, which might excite interest; but it was only the momentary mildness of the woman. The predominating power of the wilder spirit, she caught from her Father, would beam forth

and lighten it into animation and life. It would spread over her cheek, it would play in her scornful smile, and kindle in her dark and piercing eye. But when riding beside her Father—when managing her steed with graceful firmness—when urging him forward in the pursuit, or wheeling him round to the rear in the flight, animating and encouraging the men—when surrounded by the ruthless band interrogating the trembling victim—when dashing with fearless defiance into the midst of danger and death—then indeed she was truly beautiful, but beautiful only as a supernatural being.

While affairs were in this condition in the neighbourhood, there happened to be located, about twenty miles distant, a body of Royal Troops, whose purpose it was to recruit their numbers from those who were willing to take arms in the King's cause. The inhabitants of the place, wearied and worn down by the continual exposure of their lives, sent a deputation to the commander, requesting him to advance a small detachment of soldiers, to aid them in suppressing the banditti. This petition was immediately granted, to gain the good will of the people, and a young lieutenant, with thirty men, was detailed to effect the object. A time and place were agreed on to meet the neighbours in arms, and on the appointed day they marched on their way with hearts eager for the anticipated action.

It was about the close of a fair day in the latter part of November, that Lieutenant Wade, for such

was the name of the young officer, mounted upon a stately grey steed, was riding somewhat in advance of his men, towards the close of the journey, for the purpose of arriving at and arranging their quarters in the little village where he intended to pass the night. The day was cold, and the evening air severe and nipping, and the young soldier, whose animal spirits were raised into activity by the motion of his horse, and the chill evening atmosphere, whistled, to the time of his charger's amble, the remnant of some broken catch. He was just turning a bend of the road, which hid him from the view of his men, who were some hundred yards in the rear, and his appearance then was strikingly prepossessing. The brilliant uniform of the British Army, showed to advantage a person naturally neat and well made. He was not tall ; but his limbs were strongly and well set, and the firmness and ease with which he bestrode his steed, gave him an air of courage and manliness, which marked him for the soldier. It would have proved almost impossible to determine his particular age from his countenance, for a huge bear-skin cap was pulled down over his ears, and the most prominent member of his face just peered forth from the furred collar of a military roquelaure ; yet from the youthfulness of his air, and the lively buoyancy of his spirits, one might judge him to be in the first years of manhood.

Our Lieutenant had not ridden far, when he suddenly checked his not unwilling animal, at the turning of a road which diverged to the left. And here, placing both hands on the pommel of the saddle, and raising himself up in the stirrups, he first cast a serious and enquiring glance up the road which lay before him; another, with a look of satisfaction, at that over which he had passed; a third, with a smile, into that which diverged to the left; then adjusting his great coat about his shoulders, pulling down his cap and grasping his bridle, he applied his heels to his horse's sides, and went of at a brisk trot, whistling a merrier tune than before, and slapping his thigh with his dexter hand, to get his half frozen blood into circulation.

He was riding carelessly on at this lively pace, looking about him at the scenery of the forest, and catching occasional glimpses of the village, through the cleared land in the distance, when the sudden discharge of a rifle, just on his right, rung sharply in the air. His steed started in affright—reared back upon his haunches, and fell upon his rider, taken by surprise, and precipitated to the earth. So unexpected was the explosion, and so sudden its effect, that the contents of the gun seemed, at first, to have proved fatal both to man and horse. In a moment however, the steed regained his feet, and feeling himself freed from restraint, dashed wildly forward, making the hard road ring with the sound of his retiring hoofs. But motionless, and apparently without life, lay the

prostrate Lieutenant, as if the bullet had passed through his brain.

In this posture, he might have remained for some minutes, when a figure, dressed in a strange black attire, half male, half female, in its fashion, leaped lightly into the road, holding a bloody knife, which had just been crimsoned in the throat of a stag. It was the person of Ellen Rogers. She gazed around her with surprise, until seeing the frightened horse standing at some distance where he had stopped, she immediately understood the nature of the accident. Approaching slowly to the spot where the Lieutenant lay, she looked for a moment with pity on his prostrate form. He was now beginning to show some signs of returning animation. Stunned only for a moment by the fall, he soon raised himself on one arm, and seeing the figure of an individual of such dubious intentions approaching him, with a weapon in her hand still reeking with blood, a suspicion immediately flashed across his mind, that the ball, which had only slain a deer, had been aimed at his life, and the approach of the assassin, roused him at once into a resolution of selling it as dearly as possible. He started up and felt around him for his arms. His sabre had fallen out of its scabbard—he grasped it from the ground, and stood prepared. But the Robber's Daughter, with a smile more in mirth than scorn, only touched a pistol which stuck in her girdle, then walking slowly into the bushes, from whence she had issued, returned after a short time, lead-

ing out an active black charger, and springing into the saddle with a bound, waived her hand with a laugh to Wade, and set off at a fast gallop, leaving him gazing in astonishment in the middle of the road, standing in an attitude of defence, sword in hand.

He remained a long time in this posture of silent surprise, following with his eyes the retreating figure of the Robber Girl, as she rode swiftly and fearlessly over an uncultivated old field, through which the road led to the village; and as the white feather she wore in her hat flitted across his sight, when she darted into a dense copse of trees at some distance, he was awakened out of his deep reverie by an exclamation at his elbow—"Och! sure the Lieutenant is enchanted by a wild Rattlesnake"——Wade started, and found himself in the midst of his men, headed by the faithful Irish Corporal he had left in command, who hearing the report of the rifle, had arrived in time to see him in this strange attitude.

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Before the hour of dark, on the next evening, the soldiers were ready to leave the village where they had rested and recreated themselves, and guided by one of the neighbours, they marched towards the spot where they were to join their allies, and make the midnight attack on the Robbers' encampment. They followed the high road which issued out of the village, for some four or five miles; then diverging off, and pursuing in single file a narrow and sinuous horse path, which led them more into the bosom of

the forest, they came, after the course of a few miles, to an opening or cleared space, in which stood a large, but somewhat dilapidated log house. This was the place of meeting; and strange to say, they had selected for the purpose the now untenanted dwelling of Rogers. Before its door were assembled a picturesque group of men, strangely seen by the dim shadow of twilight. Some were leaning upon their rifles; others reclining lazily upon the ground, with their guns thrown across their arms. Not a few sallow and sunburnt visages were seen in the doors, looking over each others shoulders at the martial approach of the military: while here and there peered through the broken windows, an occasional haggard looking face, with weather-worn whiskers and beard, and a head half covered with the ragged remnant of an old hat. Their appearance was truly ludicrous, and the odd assortment of weapons with which they had hastily armed themselves, from the musket to the mattock, from the pistol to the pitchfork, could not but excite the risible propensities of many of the Regulars, who were only brought to order by a stern command from their officer.

A moment served the soldiers to mix familiarly with the motley crowd; but the Lieutenant strolling aside, entered into close conversation with one, who appeared to be of some influence with the rest. From him, he made all inquiries relative to the attack, and after arranging matters, he proceeded to make some remarks of a more private nature. Happening to hear

the name of Rogers mentioned, he eagerly began to ask particular questions concerning him. He was told that he once inhabited the very house in which they were then assembled, but that he had left the neighbourhood some two years before, and gone, no one knew whither. "Was his wife yet alive," tremblingly inquired the Lieutenant; and when an answer was returned in the negative, a melancholy shadow overcast his countenance, and he was silent for the rest of the evening.

It was about ten o'clock at night, when the whole party, amounting to some ninety or a hundred men, marched off in profound silence for the secret encampment of the Robbers—which one of the number had that day accidentally discovered. The moon was just rising above the tree tops, and cast a broken, but mellow light, upon the persons of the men as they defiled through a narrow pathway which led into the swamp. The dusky outlines of the hardy farmers might be seen gliding in moody silence by the tall bodies of the pine trees, like a succession of spectres, with their arms in their hands, led on by a gaunt, ghost-like looking person, who glanced his eyes cautiously from side to side, as fearful of a surprise; while the Regulars, in their red uniform and buttons gleaming in the moonshine, followed with a heavier step and less circumspect caution. The path which they now pursued, was circuitous and long. After winding through an extensive forest, becoming at every step fainter and fainter, it suddenly ceased, and

was lost in the course of a little branch or running stream. This the guide directed them to follow through its centre, as the branches on both sides were too thickly tangled with briars and brushwood, to admit of their progress in any other way.

They had pursued this little water course for some distance, when their leader halted, and looked with caution around; then beckoning the Lieutenant to the front, pointed out to him the situation of the encampment. The stream had brought them here to its source, and was now lost in a wide but shallow sheet of water, completely overshaded with tall cypress trees, through the dense branches of which, a few faint moonbeams fell, and were reflected in the mirror below. There was no underwood to interrupt the view, but the large knotty roots of the trees jutted out of the soil, and rendered marching somewhat fatiguing and difficult. In the midst of this swamp, which did not extend far, upon a little space of high land which was raised above the waters, was situated the strong hold of the dreaded Outlaws; and preparations and precautions were soon made to attack this point.

That portion of the party which composed the militia, preferring their own desultory mode of fighting, were so disposed, as, by extending their line to reach some hundred yards across the centre of the swamp, guard to those outlets, through which, the Robbers might attempt an escape. They were divided, for the convenience of bush fighting, into squads of

four or five men, who approached at intervals of twenty or thirty yards; gradually contracting into a half circle as they drew near the spot. The soldiers united in compact order, and led on by the lieutenant and the guide, moved with the slowest pace through the water, which was not more than three inches deep, apprehensive less they should make any noise which might alarm the camp. As they came near the little island, and could plainly perceive the flickering fires, every bosom palpitated with anticipations of the ensuing onslaught. The edge of the little high land was reached without the least noise, and the Regulars halted to allow their allies sufficient time to take their positions. The Lieutenant ordering profound silence to the men, crept cautiously forward with the guide to view the encampment. Slowly and with hushed breaths, they approached, scarcely seeming to move, stepping with softest foot-fall on the dry leaves and avoiding with the utmost circumspection the rotten branches and twigs which were scattered around. They had now got some few yards into the middle of the place and had both gained the large trunk of a tree behind which they were perfectly concealed. Here the whole interior of the camp could be seen. It was in the midst of a group of very large and tall cypresses, leaning against the trunks of which the dark bodies of the outlaws were stretched in deep repose—their rifles within their reach. Near each tree blazed the flame of an expiring light-wood fire which cast a yellow glare on the

sun-burnt countenances of those who were sleeping around. The very expression of their faces could be perceived. There was a grim and savage ferocity marked in the features of some, indicative of the cruelty of their profession; while others whose more melancholy countenances assumed a placid composure seemed only misguided enthusiasts whose zeal might as well have led them to the altar as the highway. But the figure which most attracted the attention of the Lieutenant, was that of a tall and powerfully framed man, who was sitting against an old oak in a bending and thoughtful posture leaning with one elbow upon his knee. His head was bare, and a profusion of thick black hair fell over his hand which was pressed upon his forehead. Within the bend of his right arm reclined the neck of a person who was wrapped in sleep, and the profusion of jetty ringlets, which fell about the shoulders, gave to the face a feminine appearance It was indeed the form of Ellen Rogers reposing on the lap of her father. He was yet awake and looking in a deep and dreamy revery on the face of his sleeping child, whose female loneliness surrounded by the strong and savage ferocity of the dark group about her, seemed to overcast his mind with melancholy forebodings of her future fate. His gaze was too intently fixed, in one sole, tender and thrilling interest, to observe the approach of any unexpected friend or foe.

The Lieutenant looked, but for a moment, lost in contemplation—the Robber chief was now before him —death was in his reach—he took the rifle from the guide—he thought not of the danger—knew not what he did—the instrument of destruction was elevated to his shoulder, his eye glanced along the barrel and fixed on the bosom of the outlaw—he could see it heave with emotion—the messenger of fate was ready to fly—his finger touched the trigger —a scream—a death-like scream pierced through the swamp. In a moment every outlaw sprung upon his feet—arms rattled from the ground—men struck against each other in the confusion—dusky forms started up, as from the flames of every fire—bright knives gleamed in the torchlight—and the sharp click of forty rifles could be heard at the same moment. "Blood an'ouns! exclaimed a hoarse voice in the rear —Murther! Murther! I'm kilt by a crocodile! Help me out, or I'll be smothered by the monstrous baste!" These violent vociferations issued from the Stentorean lungs of the Irish corporal of whom mention has before been made. While the Lieutenant was cautiously concealed, he could not restrain his impatience to get nearer his officer, and placing his foot very safely as he thought upon a short log which was floating over one of those deep chasms called an alligator's hole, he was unceremoniously soused over head and ears, and his fears immediately magnified the log into one of those reptiles so terrible to foreigners. His outcry startled the Lieutenant just as his

piece was discharged, and it probably shot wide of the mark.

The situation of the two pioneers was now desperate. Had they moved from their concealment, a dozen bullets would have pierced them---had they remained there any time, retreat would have been impossible. But the soldiers, knowing at the first alarm, the danger of their leader, rushed without any command to his rescue. Before the outlaws knew the number of their foes, and while they were crowding around their chief a discharge from the Regulars told fatally among them. It was returned only by one or two impatient spirits, but they were soon silenced by a command from their chief, who putting himself at the head of the band now in close compact, grasped his rifle in his right hand and flourishing it over his head exclaimed aloud "Look our foes in the face before we fire." He sprung forward, but a light and agile form leaped before him. His hand was on her shoulder.

"Back Ellen! Back to the rear—don't disobey me:—and she fell back with evident unwillingness. Bayonets! Bayonets! shouted the Lieutenant.—Close, close to the trees! exclaimed the guide.

This precaution had hardly been given and observed, before the word—"Fire," from Rogers, was lost in the reports of many rifles. The two parties now met, hand to hand—the fight became pell-mell—bayonets were pushed, but beaten down—arms were clubbed, and clashed on both sides—swords and

knives met hilt to hilt, and glistened in the encounter. Most of the outlaws wore side arms; these gave them a fearful advantage—and superiority in remaining numbers, compelled the Regulars slowly to give ground. This advantage over them was pressed and pursued; they were beaten back from the Island—they retreated into the swamp—they were scattered, and fought individually or in couples. Wade determined to retire no further. Placing himself against a large cypress, he waved his sword and shouted to his men—"Stand fast! for your lives stand fast!" His commanding appearance marked him out in a moment to the eye of Ellen Rogers. She bounded to the assault—the blade of her rapier crossed his sabre—vengeance darted from her look—her dark tresses were thrown back on her shoulders, and she appeared to Wade, the woman, the same he had met with in the road. At first he was astonished, and only parried her thrusts, while he gazed in her animated face; but he soon grew provoked at her temerity—he threw aside the point of her sword—his own was raised above her head—she could not avoid it—she turned pale for an instant—death was descending—but her form was whirled away as by a supernatural power, and the blow struck sparks on the blade of Rogers, as he exclaimed, taking his daughter's place, "Retire Girl! Retire!"

Fury now flashed from the eyes of both assailants, and hate sharpened the edge of each sword.—The arm of Rogers was nerved with a strong and

steady courage—Wade's turned and twisted about with the suppleness of scientific skill. It was impossible to determine the issue of the combat; when some eight or ten of Wade's remaining men, rallying at the call of the Corporal, rushed to his assistance. They were met by the Outlaws, who immediately stood beside their Chief. A breathing pause was scarcely allowed—"Bayonets! Bayonets!" shouted the Lieutenant—"To horse! to horse!" exclaimed Rogers—"See! we are surrounded! Save yourself Ellen, before it be too late!"——The sharp reports of rifles from behind the trees, rung to the right and left —The shouts of their allies were heard, and gave new vigor to the soldiers—they stepped forth from behind every stump—they had completely encompassed the Outlaws.

"Surrender! surrender!" exclaimed Wade——

"Never!" replied Ellen, springing upon an elevated root, and brandishing her sword—"Never! while we live!"

"Then fire!" shouted the enraged Lieutenant, as he grasped the musket of one who stood by him, and discharged it at random, followed by thirty others on all sides. The bright moon streamed on the spot where Ellen stood. As the smoke of the volley cleared away, her sword could be seen dropping from her hand, and her stately figure tottering for a moment, then falling from its elevated position. Before it reached the water however, it was caught in the arms

of a tall figure, who immediately disappeared out of sight with the inanimate body.

The evident intention of the Outlaws, now, was to regain the camp, where they had left their horses. But this design was frustrated, in a measure, by their enemies, who had interposed a line of men between to prevent such an intention. This barrier proved a feeble one to men urged on by desperation. It was broken through with the loss of few of their number, while the bush-fighters were more careful of their own persons, than anxious of assailing those of their foes. The disappointment and despair of the Outlaws was great, when, on gaining their encampment, they found their horses broken loose, and dashing wildly about the swamp. Flight was no longer sought—they turned upon their enemies, determined to d e as they had lived, without fear of man or God. Time was not allowed for deliberation, before their foes were upon them. Volley after volley was poured in upon them, and feebly and more feebly returned. The order was now given to charge, and the Lieutenant rushed into the coppice—he darted by every meaner foe—he looked only for *one*. Followed by the faithful guide, amid the hurry and confusion of the fight, he caught the glimpse of a dark figure retreating slowly with something in his arms, into the swamp behind the place of encampment. His companion and himself sprang upon the pursuit, but the speed of Wade soon left the guide in the rear. He gained evidently on the fugitive, who seemed impeded by

the water, and the burden he was bearing. The swamp, as he advanced, was deeper and more broken with cypress knots and trees, and he could only see, at intervals, the person of the retiring Outlaw. At once he disappeared from sight—a heavy splash was heard in the water—the Lieutenant leaped wildly to the spot from whence the sound came—there he lay.

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The place was open to the full streaming light of the moon, and the countenance of the wounded Outlaw could be seen. Wade rushed up with pointed sword—'twas useless, for he had already received his death wound. He paused to see him die—it was the person of Rogers, the Outlaw Chief—he had fallen, and his blood crimsoned the water in which he lay—he supported himself on one arm, while the other encircled the waist of his expiring daughter, whom he was striving with his declining strength to keep from sinking into the water. Her life's blood was fast ebbing from her bosom, and mingling with that which flowed from his side.—There was the same haughty smile upon her lip, which it had ever worn—and her eye, dark, brilliant, beautiful in death, looked up into his face. Life seemed concentred in the gaze—her father spoke not—felt not for himself—knew not he had fallen—his whole soul was poured out in one gush of deep, despairing, unutterable anguish, over all his high hopes—his intense affections, melting away and perishing with his dying daughter. His strength failed him more and more—his arm yielded slowly to

the pressure—and he was sinking gradually deeper and deeper into the water, out of which he was striving to keep the body of his child. His eye caught that of Wade, who was looking on with a feeling of deep pity.—"Young man," said he, in a faltering, husky voice, raising himself for a moment, "help—help my child—I ask not your mercy"—"Nor I"—quivered on Ellen's dying lip.—"Oh God, she dies! My child! my child! save my child!" Wade knelt beside her—he lifted her from the arms of her parent—her drooping head hung upon his breast—she still breathed.—"In the name of heaven," he faultered to the Outlaw, "who—who art thou?" "I am—name it not—I am Rogers, the Outlaw." The Lieutenant still faltered out—"And she—and she"——Ellen raised her eye proudly, and while death issued with the breath, replied—"The Outlaw's Daughter!"——"God of Heaven, spare them," cried Wade—"My Father! My Sister! I am Wade—I am Wade Rogers—thy Brother! thy Son!——Oh Heaven! they hear me not—they are dead!"

A FAIRY TALE.

"There be spirits that do lurk,
Where the yellow bees do work;
In the wild grass, in the flowers,
Now in sunshine, now in show'rs,
Ever in some sportive play,
They do while the time away!
Would your eyes, their follies see,
And their pleasures, come with me!"

I had been to the *soiree* of Isabel Beaumont—young Isabel, as her neighbours call her—sweet Isabel, as she truly deserves to be called. I had spent an evening most pleasantly, and though not extravagantly impressed with the many blooms and beauties scattered around me, I was not so much of the stoic as to reject entirely the influence of their sweet and various associations. Besides, I had been flattered and caressed. Isabel, herself a wit and a poetess, had freely bestowed her eulogies upon my own poetical efforts in that way; and though affecting to be stubborn-

ly indifferent to all the honours of popular renown, I could not altogether resist the gratification, which its applause, coming through the medium of such sweet lips, necessarily, brought along with it. "Why do you not come oftener," said she—"why shut yourself up in that dim abode, with your brother sinners, as if you were plotting against the State, as well as its female sovereignty? Are you truly so insensible, as you pretend; and must we really believe that our charms can do nothing to make you more civilized—more human. Be assured, unless you show signs, and that shortly, of a better disposition, in sheer pique and mortification, I shall quarter myself upon you. I shall break the mystical silence of your old abode, with all the various, real and imagined terrors, which the proverb ascribes to the woman voice; and make your ears ring with a peal to which they have not been much accustomed, and which, like other severe specifics, warrantable only in desperate cases, will go very far either to kill or cure you."

She shook her fan threateningly as she spoke, and, though trembling with apprehension lest she should, at some period, and under the influence of one of those whims that sometimes made away even with hers, and have a large influence, at all times, upon the female, understanding, I made large promises of amendment; and even went so far as to utter my satisfaction at the terms and tenor of the proposed visit;—but, I need not say to the reader, with how much insincerity. What an awful event was this for

contemplation ; and how could the members of our college, survive the shock of such an infliction. The quiet Deities of our worship, frightened effectually away by the unwonted din which such a creature would bring along with her, would never look behind them in their departure, and surely, never contemplate a return ; and all the repose and security to which we have so completely given ourselves up, would forever be lost in the advent of that terrible power, which, clothed in petticoats, is any thing but petty. The subject was quite too painful for contemplation, and I did not stay long after this dialogue. I found myself momently getting more and more sick and stupid, and as the arrangements were progressing towards a country dance, I sidled along the noisy array, and found the stairway pleasantly contiguous. Be assured, I paused not to number the steps. I got home as quickly as possible, and marvellously long was the breath I drew, on entering the sacred walls of the symposium.

Such had been the hurry in which my exit had been taken, that I altogether forgot to cast from me, on leaving the abode in which I had suffered so much peril, a fine, full rosebud, given me at the commencement of the evening by Isabel. I had, at the time, placed it with an air of the most tragedy description in the folds of my vest, from whence, with a most lack-a-daisical expression, it peered forth upon the company. Such a foppery was not only unbecoming, but particularly ungracious in my sight; and I

...ly gave into it, to avoid that ruggedness of habit, in ...ppearance, which the vulgar are always apt to ...uple with the pursuits and temper of philosophy. ...ad I not been thoroughly troubled with the final ...eech of the fair hostess, its *outre* appearance in my ...st would not, for so long a time, have distinguished ...ne to whom it did not yield much satisfaction.

I had hurried into our garden, immediately upon ...y return home. I felt too much disquietude to take ...y usual seat in the sanctum, and had no wish for ...pper, in the discussion of which my two companions ...ere already lustily engaged. I threw myself upon ...bench that lay half buried in the long grass of our ...bour, and gave myself up to meditation. While ...eculating upon the subjects suggested by the man- ...r in which my evening had been passed, I uncon- ...iously took the flower from my bosom, and proceeded ... pull it to pieces. It was a bud, but of the largest ...ze, swollen almost to bursting, and promising in a ...w hours to unfold itself and all its sweetness to the ...esiring sense. At another moment, and in another ...od, I should not have destroyed it.---I should have ...garded the act as inhuman. But I was now fairly ...used and ruffled, and with a malicious delight, in ...t, mingled with an abstract wandering of my ...ought, I beheld leaf by leaf torn away rudely from ... purple mansion of its birth, and crumpled cruelly ...er my unhesitating fingers. "Yes---her tongue ...uld make a fine abode for the student; we would ...ver hear the end of it—there would be 'no sleep

for all the house,' as was the cry in the ears of Macbeth. She would not only most effectually murder sleep, but one would not be permitted a snore beyond one's breath. She would murder silence too ;" and as I soliloquised sentence by sentence—the rose, leaf by leaf, was undergoing demolition ; until, but the last circlet, the inner vest of the poor flower was all that survived in attestation of its own beauties, and of the misplaced generosity of Isabel Beaumont. I paused as I came to this last recess. I could not help the thought which rebuked me for thus wantonly destroying that which gave so much, though perhaps, momentary gratification, and was, at the same time, intrinsically, so sweet and beautiful. How many senses had I defrauded of their proper solace? What life had I not wronged of its true subsistence? Though, possibly, not constituted myself to find delight or luxury in so humble a source, were there not thousands, to whom the bud which I had blighted and trampled upon, would have been cheering and charming. Would not the waning life of the consumptive have gathered something from its delicate tints and odour, calculated to gladden senses attenuated to kindred and like delicacy. I shuddered at my own thoughtless selfishness, and was about to restore the remnant of the dismembered flower to my bosom, when a faint sigh rose from the still unbroken petals which audibly commanded my attention. I paused and listened. In a few seconds, something that savoured of human tones struck my senses, and

I bent my ear down to listen. They had not deceived me; and, as a voice, syllabling forth distinct and readily understood sounds, met my ears, I was almost tempted to dash the mysterious blossom to my feet, when, the prisoner, for such it was, as if comprehending my design, appealed to me in terms of energy and feeling, and called upon me to proceed, at once, to the conclusion of the task I had assumed, and, stripping him of his present covering, release him from captivity.

I did as desired. I tore away the few leaves that had still adhered to the stem, and then for the first time discovered the secret of its great size. A tiny and golden form shaped like ourselves, but of most diminutive dimensions, rose from the recumbent position which the tightly drawn leaves had forced upon it. It was slender and graceful—symmetrically perfect in every feature, and with a face, whose expression, though delineated in the most pigmy compass, was that of manly and winning beauty. Its dress seemed that of the first and freshest leaves of the early summer, the green of which was gorgeously adorned and developed by hues of gold, of saffron and purple, curiously intermingled and inwrought with the main texture. Golden wings depended from its shoulders, the seams of whose plumes were of the richest raven black, while the down of their extremities was of a rich yellow. I gazed with wonder, coupled with delight, and, for a few moments, had no words to express either my

curiosity or astonishment. The little creature in the meanwhile, as if desiring to feel his freedom perfectly, leapt into the air, making a dozen circuits with whirls of enthusiastic rapture, suddenly stooping at last, with an expression of confidence and gratitude in his countenance, and perching himself upon a clump of boxwood that grew beside me.

"And who and what are you?"—was my inquiry on his return.

"Who—I? I am a fairy—a prince among the fairies, and my name is Sweet-William. You mortals have a beautiful flower which you call after me."

"And how came you in prison?—tell me your story—tell me all about you. Where do you live—where are your people—how came you in prison?"

"You shall hear, but first let me thank you for the prompt and kindly manner in which you extricated me; but never pull a flower to pieces so roughly again. I was in terror lest you should take off one of my wings which had never been so much jeoparded before. As it is, I have sustained several bruises which will call for a leech; fortunately, for me, I expect to find our most skilful practitioner, Balm, in this very garden. He will soon put things to right."

"Well, well,—I'm sorry I've hurt you; but to your story. I am impatient to know the history of your concerns."

"Know then, that I belong to and form one of the spring tribe of fairies—a tribe, which is more lively at that season than at any other. Indeed, we know no

other season. All our marriages, and merriments, while in your part of the world, take place in April and May, and in June we begin to fly to other climates, where the season is less advanced. It is thus we live, and thus, in the course of a year, we are in possession of the whole globe. I am one of the heirs to the chief rule of our tribe, and, but for my misfortunes and the injustice which I have met with, would, with my sister Mary-Gold, have been, even now, upon the sun-flower throne of our fathers. But, adverse fortune and fate, with us, as with you and your people, has had its effect; and instead of being a Prince in authority, with a whole people obedient at my feet, my legitimate sway has been usurped, my sister forcibly made the wife of the usurper, in order thus to obtain some sanction for his usurpation, and myself cast into prison."

"And who is this usurper, and by what agency did he effect so great an influence with your people, as to accomplish such a revolution?"

"His name is John Quill, or rather that was the only name by which our people knew him. He was an obscure wretch—an author—a paltry fellow, who wrote histories and verses."

"The devil!—and could a mere author affect so much. The pursuits of literature, quite abstract, and reserved, as they usually are, would seem to forbid an approach to the strifes and terrors of public life, particularly amidst the whirls of its wars and revolutions."

"Why, so it is thought, but, I am persuaded, erroneously. Once aroused, and always a discontented and irritable race, I am satisfied these poets are the most dangerous to deal with. The only reason why they so unfrequently meddle with affairs of state and government, is simply because they affect to regard the prizes and honors of politics as unworthy, and beneath the true dignity, of their aim. Popularity is not sufficiently long-lived, for those who are perpetually clamouring for immortality."

"You may be right, and there is indeed some authority in our experience for your notion; but I am anxious to hear your story in detail. Will it please your Princeship to go on with it?"

"It is long, and you may find it tedious, but that is not my look out, since you desire it. You pluck the trouble for yourself, and may not complain of its thorns. Thus, then—as I have told you, I am the legitimate heir to the Sunflower empire. My father, whose name I bear, having reached the allotted term of one life on this, was transferred, in due season, to another planet, and I was left in the peaceable possession of his throne. At the period of his departure, I was wandering up the Oronico, in company with the Star nation, for one of the daughters of which I had taken a great fancy. The news was brought me by our old servant, Will o' the Wisp; and I was immediately summoned to return. I did so, but the evil had been done in the brief delay which followed

between his departure and my return. John Quill, always a moody and somowhat a savage thing, who had commenced his life with writing eulogies upon my father, but who, failing to obtain place and pension, had become his bitter satirist, now appealed to the populace, and made a faction among the vulgar. He talked of reform, and by referring to the imagined interests of the herd, he did not long want for an attentive auditory. He went about making speeches like the most thorough paced demagogue. He called my father a bloody tyrant, and me no better. All the evils of the laws, and of the seasons, were laid to our account respectively. If there came no rains to allay the burning heats of the sands, on which we were to dance, it was all attributed to one or the other of us. If our sunflowers happened to be deficient in number, and our people were compelled to emigrate to other sections of country, it was all our doing In short, every thing evil or unfortunate, in our affairs, was laid to our door, and you must know the nature of the unthinking and ignorant populace to understand that he who proposes to remedy their supposed or real grievances, however extravagant his suggestions, however dishonorable his motives, will never want for consideration among them, and can always most readily gather his faction. When I came home, I was saluted by an assault. Unsuspecting fraud or attack, I was made a prisoner, and placed in the captivity in which you found me, and for my release from which I am indebted solely to yourself. John Quill, assuming to

himself the titular distinction of the family, seized upon my sister, and compelled her to marry him. He has seated himself most complacently upon the throne of my fathers—the golden sunflower of our exclusive inheritance—and sways its sovereignty with a despotism as wild and reckless as were his denunciations of our rule. The tribe is ground down with taxation the most villainous—their property, if they dare complain, is wrested from them and appropriated to the use of his creatures, and nothing can exceed the gloom and misery which now overhang our miserable nation. Nor, is there any apparent remedy—at least not for the present. The usurper has surrounded himself with his guards and creatures—he has expended the wealth of the country upon them and the materials of warfare, merely to keep in subjection the large portion of my father's friends and followers, the fruits of whose labor are torn from them as soon as realized, to satisfy the appetites of those who find this an easier and cheaper mode than any other, for the sustenance of life and the realization of wealth."

"This is, indeed, a horrible state of things, but why, let me ask, do the sufferers not unite in the common cause, and resist this tyranny?"

"They would do so, if they could at less disadvantage. The usurper is in power, and has all its advantages at command. He holds the purse and controls the armory of the nation. The idle, and dissolute, and desperate, are considerable in number,

and are the merest mercenaries in his employ. A rebellion would be rash and hopeless under these circumstances."

"But did your friends and party make no effort for you at the first? Did they suffer you quietly to be put down?"

"No—but taken by surprise, and unprepared, they made head in vain. They were dispersed in a pitched battle, with considerable loss, and have not had the spirit—having no leader to direct them—to re-commence the conflict. Now that I am free, though surrounded, I am induced to believe, by the spies of the usurper, I shall proceed to rally and re-assemble them, as well for the recovery of their rights as my own."

"What you have told me surprises me greatly: I had been always taught to believe that you fairies were the most sportive, pleasant and happy of all God's creatures—that there was nothing of sadness, or strife, or suffering among you. That you lived among sunbeams and zephyrs, with a life as subtle and as sweetly sinless, as theirs, and knew nothing savoring of malevolence, which was not, at least, playfully and not injuriously so. I grieve to hear that passions, and a pride like ours, disfigure your lives, and blot up your fair existence."

"This has been the notion of your poets, but they knew little about us, and their fancies did not go very far in their better education. We have our wars —for have we not our women. We have our hates—

for we also have our loves. We have fears—for we are not without hope. We have our jealousies—for we are not less ambitious of place and power and glory, than yourselves. You will judge how far, with such characteristics, we should be free from the trials and troubles of your humanity."

"There is one matter on which I should like to be informed. How comes it, that, having superior spiritual agencies to ourselves, it should be permitted me to release you from a captivity imposed upon you by your enemy?"

"Did you not assume for our condition a destiny far more grateful and elevated than it really is, you might answer your own inquiry. Superior, though we are to you in many things, the creator of both of our tribes, has found it necessary to rebuke our pride, as well as yours, and for this reason, a mortal is sometimes permitted to perform an act, which a fairy may not think of—we, in turn, having a like power. Do you not see, that without some such arrangement of the over-ruling Providence, your race would be entirely at the mercy of ours. It is well that we are all under the common protection, there being cases of exception, only, in which nations, so decidedly differing from, and in some respects, adverse to, each other, may mingle in common, and have control alternately upon and over one another. It is thus, that a fairy enthralled by a fairy, may be so spelled in his prison, that fairy power may not effect his release. My prison, on this occasion, happened to be one,

which, by our nature, we are not permitted to destroy. The rose is sacred in our estimation, and utterly beyond our power. If we destroy a rose, we descend from our grade, and pass into a lower condition of life."

"I understand—but, let me ask—your enemy had been malignantly disposed towards you, why did he not destroy you; why did he place you in a prison, in which your chances of escape were so numerous?"

"You mistake again. His malignity was not less than I describe it. He would have destroyed me, had he dared. But it would have been a doubtful policy for him to have done so, since even with the most desperate of his faction, the blood of legitimacy is held sacred to a certain degree. There might have been a great reaction in my favor, and he knew it. He chose a mode as likely as any other to bring about my destruction without having a direct hand in it. He knew the fortunes of the flower to be in the hands of mortals, and relied upon the chance of my being torn to pieces or crushed under feet as soon as the little perfume of my prison house had been exhausted. Such would have been my fortune, most probably, had it not suited your mood, to articulate a speech, as leaf by leaf, you tore away the walls of my prison house; nor, as you have already heard, have I entirely escaped. You see by the rents in my wings, how much I have suffered from the mode of my release."

The little Prince suddenly paused in his discourse, and his countenance exhibited the strongest

signs of mental agitation. He turned his eyes quickly and searchingly around the garden, and suddenly leaping to the rose bush which stood near, he tore away several of its longest thorns, and put on an air, and took an attitude of the most manly defiance.

"As I feared, my enemies are upon me. The spies of the usurper have apprised him of my escape from prison, and the whole garden is surrounded by his myrmidons."

I looked, as he spoke, and to my surprise, beheld a numerous array armed with long spears of pointed cane, bows of yew, with arrows fitted to them of the most pointed thorns of the forest. They approached the Prince who stood firmly the assault. At their head came one, whose fierce manner, gesture and authority, at once determined him to be the usurper, John Quill, himself. Despising all humbler enemies, the dethroned Prince singled him out, and not waiting the attack, rushed fearlessly upon him, evidently seeking a single handed combat; but the whole force of the foe pressed around him; they girt him in with their spears, he struggling, and raging gallantly, striking down an enemy at every blow, and resolutely rushing on towards their chief. But he struggled in vain against the odds. He was overthrown—I saw him upon the earth—his foe was over him—a thousand spears were upon his heart, and I could bear the sight no longer. I rushed into the sanctum —I seized the old sabre of my fathers, which had hung, so long, rusting upon its walls—I dashed for-

ward into the array—I struck right and left. Already I had stricken the heads from two of the most forward of the enemy;and a third was at the sovereignty of Quill, when my arms were arrested by a gigantic power, my sabre was taken from me, and I struggled, though desperately, in vain. 'Why do you hold me back,' I exclaimed to my two companions of the Symposium, whom I now found to be the powers which had so inopportunely arrested the stroke of justice upon the tyrant.

"Why, what's the matter? Would you break every thing in the house in your sleep?" Was the reply.

I remonstrated in vain with them. "Would you then," I asked, "leave Prince Sweet William to perish? Will you permit that tyrannical usurper, John Quill, to destroy him?"

They laughed in my face, and pointed to the two victims I had overthrown. Alas! they were not the emissaries of the tyrant, but our two decanters of sherry, from which the heads had been most adroitly stricken, and through the rents of which the goodly liquor was now streaming upon the floor. The demijohn, well stored with the same precious juice, which to my dazed eyes had personified the usurping tyrant, had been but just preserved from a like fate by the timely intervention of my comrades.

"What have you done—what have you dreamed?" said they.

"I have been under the power of the *incubi !*" I exclaimed,

"Hot Whiskey Punch, their name," was the response.

Omnes. Negus—Negus—Negus !—Lights—to bed—to bed—to bed.

M. It is high time, after such a *finale* to the evening. But let us not be uncivil. G—— has assembled about him a goodly company, and if any of them be at hand, let us have the 'Stirrup cup.'

Omnes. They will need the *bon repos.* In the words of the great 'Waverly'—

'To all and each a fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light.'

THE

COSMOPOLITAN:

AN OCCASIONAL.

No. 1.

CHARLESTON.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY WM. ESTILL,
212, King Street.

1833.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper proc
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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